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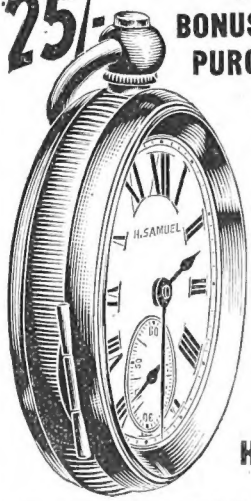

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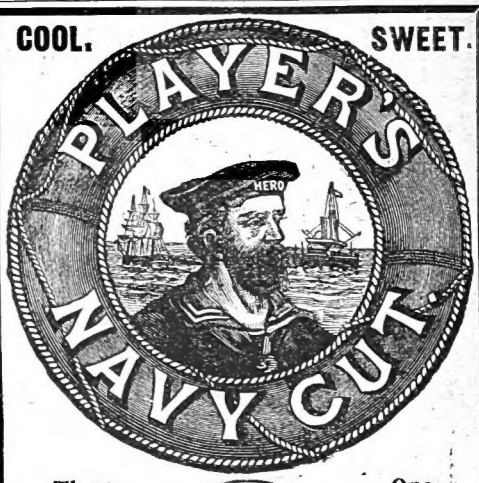

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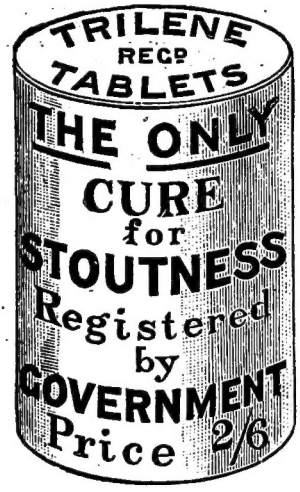

for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
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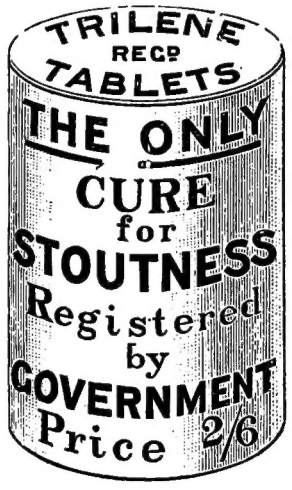

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Miss E. Lee, 5, Granville Road, Victoria Park, Leicester, writes: "I can recommend your Tablets, which I think a very fine thing. Diet is no good."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mr. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

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"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

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Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

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G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

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Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

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Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

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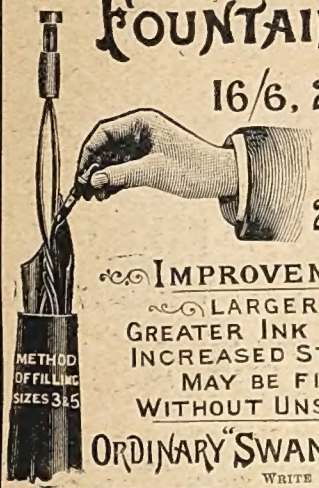

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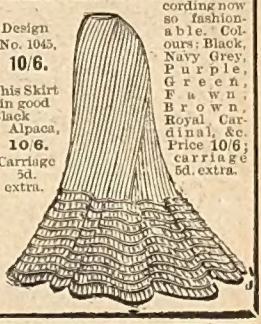

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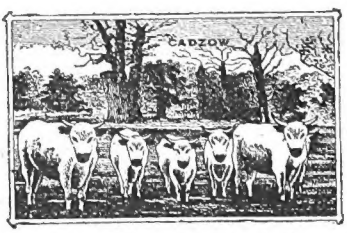
TRADE  MARK.

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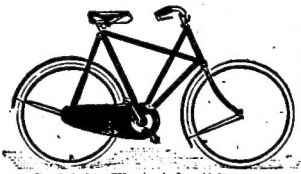

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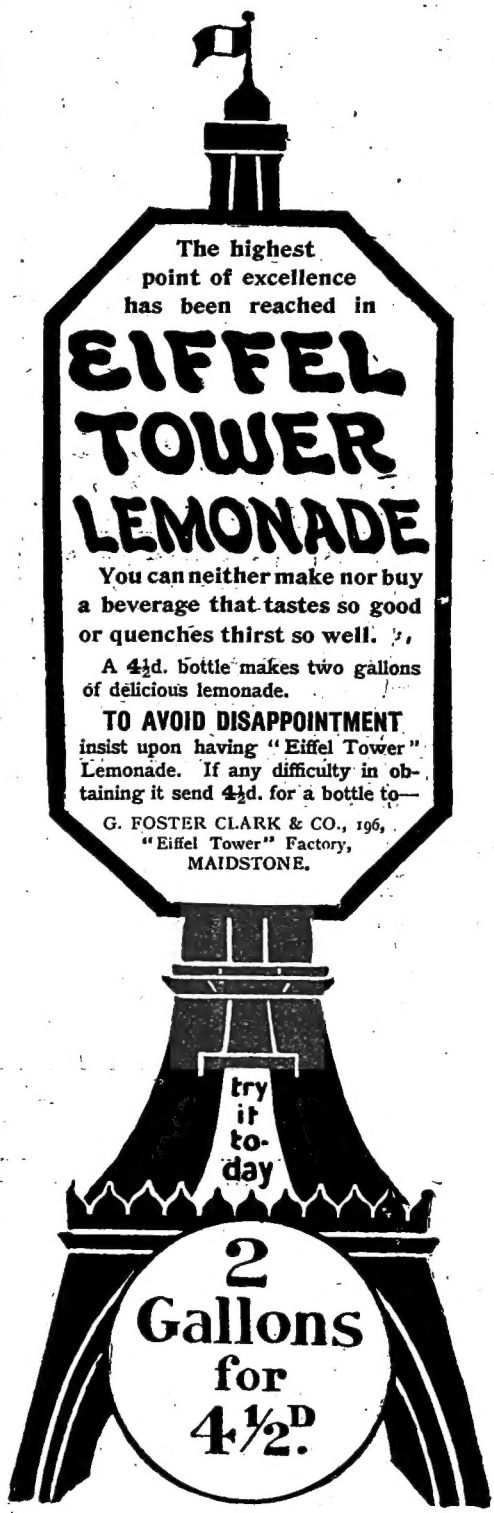

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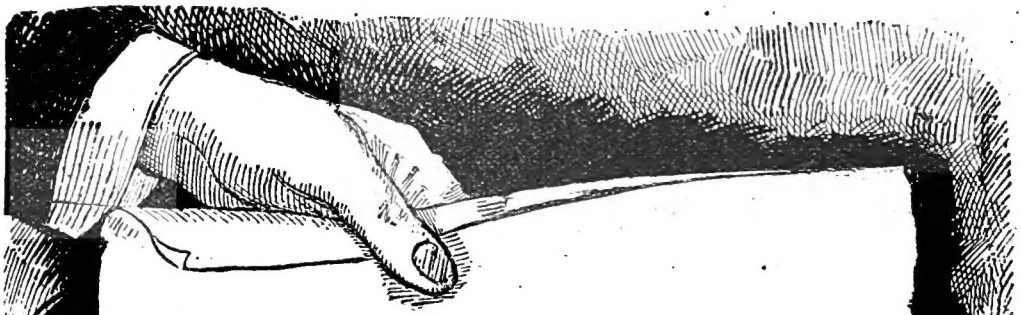

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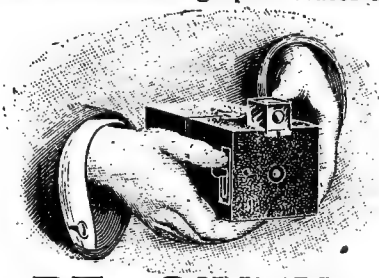

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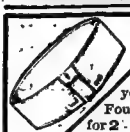

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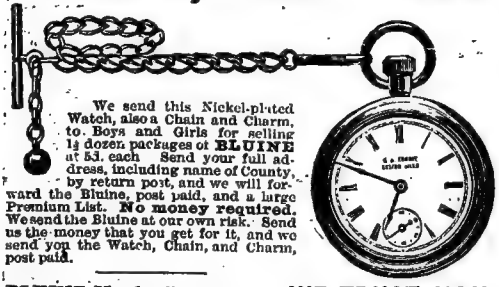

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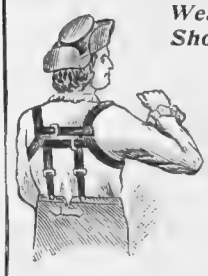

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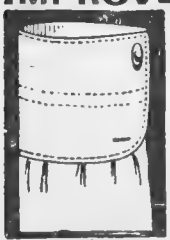

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"F. COSTER."

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1901.

		PAGE.
"AND IN AN INSTANT THE BOXER'S BODY LEAPT INTO THE AIR" From a Drawing by J. J. Cameron.		*Frontispiece.*
BEAUTY ON THE PARIS STAGE Illustrated with Photographs.		195
THE SHE-FIEND. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. J. Cameron.	BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE DAYS' RAID"	203
A KISS. A Poem	J. J. BELL	211
THE LITTLE PARLIAMENTS OF ENGLAND Illustrated with Photographs.	H. C. DAVIDSON and J. M. LAINÉ	212
THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY. A Complete Story Illustrated by P. B. Hickling.	BARONESS E. ORCZY	220
TOY BALLOONS Illustrated with Photographs.	A. ANDERSON	230
THE SHEIK OF RAGABIEH. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. Barnard Davies.	DAVID BEDDOE	234
MIRACULOUS IMAGES Illustrated with Photographs.	MRS. HERBERT VIVIAN	240
UNDER THE CLOCK. A Complete Story Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.	R. AUSTIN FREEMAN	245
THE WIZARD EXPOSED Illustrated with Photographs.	H. L. ADAM	252
WHEN CLOUDS COLLIDE Illustrated with Photographs.	WILLIAM J. S. LOCKYER	257
NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD MAN OF TEN Illustrated by the Authoress.	HILDA COWHAM	263
A WORKHOUSE GENIUS Illustrated with Photographs.		266
FEEDING A BOA CONSTRICTOR Illustrated with Photographs.	H. IRVING HANCOCK	267
HOW MR. BROMLEY, M.P., LOST HIS SEAT. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.	SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES	269
POPULAR SONGS OF THE PAST Illustrated with Photographs and Prints.	MARY FERMOR	274
THE HUMBLING OF SEYMOUR-SMITH. A Complete Story Illustrated by G. Malcom Patterson.	E. M. BREDIN	278
CAP AND BELLS Illustrated with Drawings.		285

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third and fourth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

We take the opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness for much of the valuable information contained in our article, "His Britannic Majesty," to a book published by Mr. Grant Richards, entitled "His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII."

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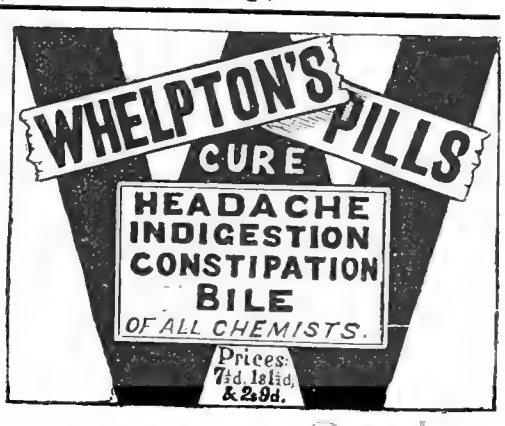

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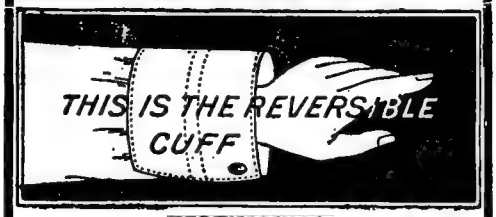

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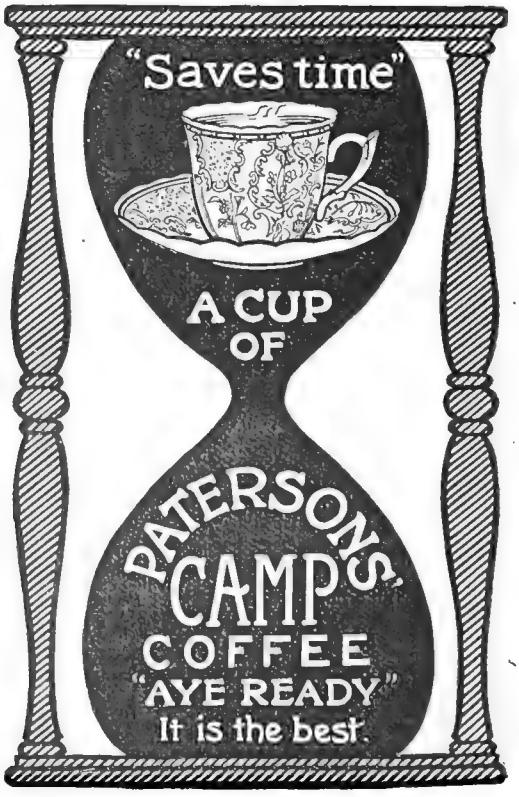

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IN AN INSTANT THE BOXER'S BODY LEAPT INTO THE AIR AND THEN FELL WITH A DULL THUD ON THE DECK, WITH THE SHE-FIEND'S LAST BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

(See page 210.)

Google

Beauty on the . . Paris Stage.

MLLE. JANE HADING.

She has fought against heavy odds, and she has gained the day. After many years of dancing and singing in Provincial theatres, she forced the doors of that Mecca of French players—the *Comédie Française*. Now the *Comédie* is a very strict school, and Jane Hading a very independent girl. What follows? Jane Hading and the *Comédie* come to loggerheads, and Jane Hading takes to free-lancing—better so! The girl's genius is one which flourishes best in an atmosphere of freedom. Salute her and pass on.

MLLE. CASSIVE.

She is the queen of Parisian comic opera and farce, a blonde, and plump and joyous girl. When you are in Paris you must not fail to see her.

MLLE. DE VRIES.

They are beginning to talk about a certain young lady in Paris, and her name is de Vries. And if beauty is genius, as someone has said, then Mlle. de Vries richly deserves the fame she is acquiring.

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MLLE. YAHNE

The *rôle* that would fit her to perfection is that of a young girl shy yet audacious, tender yet provoking, quick-tempered, lively, and, above all, beautiful. A very gay young lady, Mlle. Yahne, and a favourite in society, an expert with foils, a passionate horsewoman, and the terror of France on her automobile.

MLLE. CÉCILE SOREL.

The Bernhardt of the future, superbly beautiful, with a voice that Bernhardt alone has excelled, and a manner that any queen might envy, Cécile Sorel is distinctly one of the sights of Paris. She would have adorned the loftiest thrones in the world; but Fate destined her for the stage. It is said that the great Réjane never cares to engage beautiful actresses—a libel: she has engaged Cécile Sorel.

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MADAME . .
SÉGOND-WEBER.

She is clever as she is beautiful. Tall and elegant, stately as Diana, with a face like a cameo, delicately chiselled features, and a pale, transparent skin, she moves alternately on the boards of the *Odéon* and the *Comédie Française* to the applause of thousands. But she will never earn the recognition and fame that is her due; her temperament is against her; she has no steadfastness, and abhors drudgery and hard work.

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MLLE. MARTHE REGNIER.

The wonder of Parisian women. She resembles
all flowers that are slender and white and delicate,
and you may be quite sure that, did flowers act,
their acting would greatly resemble
Mlle. Regnier's. "She has absolutely no talent,"
said an old playgoer—"she has only genius,"—
which is not a bad substitute.

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MLLE. LUCIE GÉRARD. . .

Catulle Mendés is a French writer whose hobby is to lead beautiful young women before the footlights—a delightful hobby, you will agree. And that child-faced girl, Lucie Gérard, was his most successful experiment. As an actress, dainty and charming; as a woman—why, look at her face! What eyes! What hair! What a delicious little nose! And as to the mouth, some say one thing, some another, but you and I agree—do we not?—that its imperfections make it all the more adorable.

MLLE. SUZANNE AVRIL. . . .

Does she strike you as looking peculiarly *distingué?* If so, you are one with the manager of the *Gymnase,* who always gives her regal parts—indeed, the most plebeian *rôle* she has ever taken was that of a duchess. And yet off the stage Suzanne Avril (was there ever a prettier name?) is a lovely brunette, petulant and merry—no more of a queen than you or I, nor even a duchess, for the matter of that.

Google

MLLE. SULLY.

A living deception, this apparent butterfly-woman! At night she dances to the laughing world, coquettes, and sings and giggles. She is irresistible: to see her is to lose your heart. But beware of her in broad daylight—you who think to get an entertainment for nothing. She hands you a cup of tea, and, without any warning, pitches Greek phrases at your head. "Ah, and that strophe of the 'Agamemnon,' what is your opinion of the metre? Herodotus's theory in regard to the Kronids—absurd, is it not?"—and so forth. You are abashed and dazzled. Is she playing the fool with you? Not at all. Mlle. Sully has learned to combine erudition and frivolity. She is a wise butterfly.

Google

MLLE. ROBINSON.

She is one of the chief attractions of the *Gymnase*—an essentially French girl with an English name. Dark, slim, vivacious, she is one who will always be a favourite, even though she never reaches the top of the tree.

MLLE. WALLERY

There is no end to beauty if you look for it on the French stage. It is a veritable "Garden of Fair Women," and should you be asked to make your bow to the fairest, your dilemma is indeed unenviable. Mlle. Regnier? Mlle. Yahne? Mlle. Cassive? Mlle. Sorel? Impossible to decide! But for sheer, blazing, aggressive beauty you must hand the palm to Mlle. Wallery.

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MLLE. SILVAIN.

A born queen, a Cleopatra of women. Fame has still to crown her. She is very young.

MLLE. WANDA DE BONCZA.

There was a great sensation in Paris some years ago. Statesmen, managers, journalists, and authors, all received letters—anonymous, of course—atrociously libelling a pretty little actress of the *Odéon*—Mlle. de Boncza, and none other. But the public sided with the little actress, and bore her on a great wave of sympathetic indignation to the top of her profession. She had such wonderful eyes—large, mysterious, sad, and visionary—you could not choose but believe everything good of her. She is not a great actress—no, but very charming, quick, graceful, and with a sweet tragic voice. A woman of the world, she is to be seen at various race meetings and fashionable entertainments. She laughs and talks with the gayest, but her eyes are always the same—large, mysterious, sad, and visionary.

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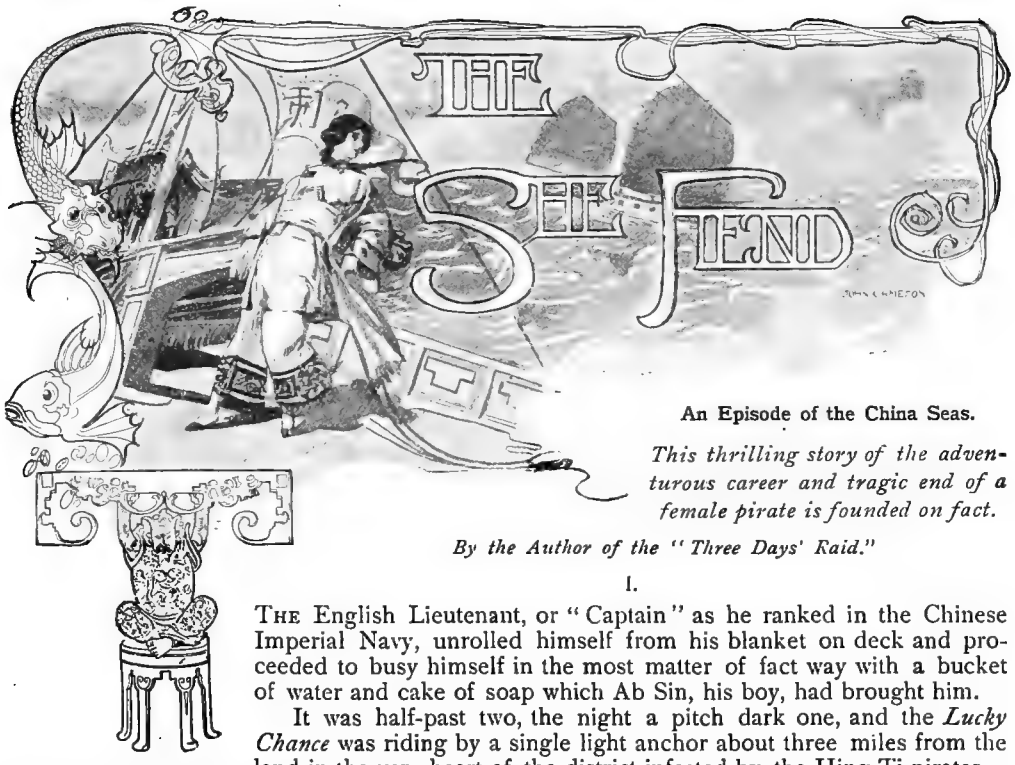

An Episode of the China Seas.

This thrilling story of the adventurous career and tragic end of a female pirate is founded on fact.

By the Author of the "Three Days' Raid."

I.

THE English Lieutenant, or "Captain" as he ranked in the Chinese Imperial Navy, unrolled himself from his blanket on deck and proceeded to busy himself in the most matter of fact way with a bucket of water and cake of soap which Ab Sin, his boy, had brought him.

It was half-past two, the night a pitch dark one, and the *Lucky Chance* was riding by a single light anchor about three miles from the land in the very heart of the district infested by the Hing Ti pirates—the most daring and powerful confederacy that had ever terrorised the waterways round Southern China's capital since the days of the dreaded Kozinga, whose power the Dutch fleet had to cripple in the time of our Great Protector. The Lieutenant might have been sleeping at his club in Piccadilly—excepting, of course, for the deck plank and the bucket—for all his countenance displayed to the contrary as he plied a rough brown towel over his dripping neck.

Without a suspicion on the part of anyone but his Excellency the Viceroy, and a certain high official of the British Government, this youth of two-and-twenty with a few score of "Hakkas" had set out two days before, determined to try to break the power of the Sepgo Hing Ti, the Brotherhood of Seven Pirate Captains said to reckon its victims by thousands, and its booty by scores of thousands of pounds.

Not that the Lieutenant or the Viceroy doubted the existence or the formidable nature of the confederacy. That the Hing Ti were a dangerous association was an established fact; native stories of the fate of countless Chinese ships, of course, did not lose in the telling, but it was known that several British steamers, and a few British and foreign vessels had been captured.

Nor need it be doubted that Semala, the bloodthirsty Portuguese renegade whom native rumour placed at the head of the dread Brotherhood, was a figure existing in very reality. But the story of the She-Fiend was, in the opinion of both the Lieutenant and the Viceroy, nothing short of a fairy tale. The idea of a beautiful girl-pirate steering a pirate vessel, and even leading boarders, was a little difficult to swallow.

"There is never much smoke without some fire," the Lieutenant had acknowledged, "and possibly a good-looking youth dressed in girl's clothes may account for the fable; but I venture to doubt the lady-pirate."

But what was a matter for serious consideration was the effect of these legends on his native crew. That his Hakkas believed in and feared the mythical Amazon the Lieutenant could not overlook. He had overheard fragments of their conversation before the start of his expedition, enough to tell him that the She-Fiend was, in their minds, not a creature of this earth. But he had felt more confident as he surveyed the long twelve-pounder brass gun amidships, and the six-pounders in the bow and stern.

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Beside him, steering the ship . . . . stood a slim young girl.

The *Lucky Chance*, a Chinese trader built for speed, had been commandeered from her owner by the Lieutenant for his expedition against the pirates. Every indication of armed force had been carefully removed; the guns had been concealed; the men assumed the character of an ordinary trading crew; and the Lieutenant had even donned native cap, jacket, and trousers over his uniform.

All through the previous moonlit night the *Lucky Chance* had been dogged, as she headed seawards before a six-knot breeze, by a long, low, fast vessel. Throughout the following day the mysterious pursuer had hung in her wake, invisible except from the *Lucky Chance's* mast-head. This craft, the Lieutenant learned from his coxswain, was Semala's, whose consort (for these vessels of the Hing Ti always cruised in pairs) was even more dreaded, for she was usually handled and steered by the dreaded She-Fiend, so his Hakkas unanimously declared; nor had any of their officer's taunts or reprimands been able to stir their conviction of this or allay their superstitious fears of her power.

Now, however, the Lieutenant thought, as he made short work of the hot coffee, devilled fowl and biscuit, brought him by Ab Sin—cook, table-boy and marine in one, whose cutlass and pistols were even now in his belt—he was soon to see for himself how much truth there was in the She-Fiend story.

The men were quietly roused and a ration of hot tea, pork and rice was served out to them, after which the Lieutenant inspected their weapons by the light of a dark lantern and overhauled their guns and their gear. Then there was nothing to do but wait, crouching behind the bulwarks, until the look-out men gave warning.

The Lieutenant grasped his cutlass. Stolid Englishman though he was, the situation was beginning to get on his nerves. There seemed something uncanny in sitting quietly down in the still darkness of the night—an inky darkness that could almost be felt—to wait till some phantom-like craft should glide up and pour a bloodthirsty crowd of desperadoes on the deck.

Suddenly the black, pall-like clouds dispersed, and showed the same long, low vessel, their pursuer of the previous night, heading straight for the *Lucky Chance*. Quick as thought the Lieutenant gave orders to slip the cable and hoist the sails. He was only just in time, for immediately afterwards the approaching vessel shot past the *Lucky Chance's* stern, so close, too, that the Lieutenant and his men could make out everything on her deck quite plainly.

Behind the bow gun stood Semala himself, swarthy and cruel, surrounded by his men, stripped to the waist, ready to board. But every eye was immediately riveted to the pirate's stern, and a low cry went up from the Lieutenant's men.

A helmsman stood with his arm on the tiller, but did not touch the ropes, for beside him, steering the ship, her handsome features

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illumined by a swinging paper lantern bearing in blood-red characters the name of Semala, stood a slim young girl.

"The She-Fiend herself," cried the Lieutenant's crew in sudden panic, "in Semala's vessel instead of her own!"

The Lieutenant seized a Snider carbine and covered the beautiful pirate; his crew held their breath, their eyes fixed on their leader; none of them would have dared to lift a hand against a creature not of this earth. As the Lieutenant glanced along the barrel of his carbine, he saw in a line with the sights a handsome young woman, tall, slender, and dark, whose flashing eyes, pale face, and long, jet black hair that hung in a heavy plait below her waist, were rendered clearly visible by the stern lanthorns. A short fringe on her forehead added to her masculine style of attire, giving her the appearance of a very handsome youth rather than that of a young female.

Her jacket of dark blue silk, confined at the waist by a scarlet sash, allowed a white silk vest to show above it at the neck. Her loose trousers of dark blue silk did not cover her shapely ankles and small feet, encased in neat shoes of European make. Thrust into her sash were a long, double-barrelled pistol and broad, heavy dagger knife, the handles of both weapons being of solid silver. Neither jewel nor ornament of any kind, however, did the "She-Fiend" wear as she stood at the long tiller of her vessel as graceful and almost as motionless as a statue.

"Spanish blood, there," muttered the Lieutenant, as he reluctantly grounded his carbine.

An affrighted murmur went up from his Hakkas. Their leader had been unnerved by the She-Fiend's sorcery.

The Lieutenant recovered himself and drew his hand slowly round his neck. He preferred to assign this kind of thing to the Cantonese executioner.

"Hi-yah, Sapne-Katow!" yelled his men. "Yes, let her head be cut off instead!"

Semala's vessel began to put about.

"Number one gun ready!" cried the Lieutenant.

Before he had time to give the order, "At one hundred and fifty yards fire," there was a flash, a report, and a huge rent appeared in the foot of the pirate's mainsail. Without waiting for the command the too eager gun-captain had pulled the lanyard, and the whole charge of canister went wide, the round shot alone telling. A surprised yell followed from the pirate's deck; they had not expected any resistance at all from what had seemed a rich trader and passenger vessel.

The Lieutenant dispatched his coxswain to the twelve-pounder, ordering him not to pull the lanyard till within a hundred and fifty yards.

There was a brief pause while the vessels swung nearer to each other; then a quick jerk of Long Ling's wrist, a terrific report from the heavily charged swivel gun, and the pirate's fore-mast fell with a crash, while a heap of dead and dying writhed on the deck. More than this, the falling mast had dismounted the bow gun and crushed several pirates under its weight.

A hoarse volley of execrations went up from the pirate vessel. In an instant the She-Fiend had left the helm and dashed into the midst of her panic-stricken men. From between her small pearly teeth came a stream of curses as, with a long double-barrelled pistol, she struck right and left among her disheartened followers, rallying them by fierce blows! Semala himself, urging his men with oaths and threats, brought his stern guns to bear on the *Lucky Chance*.

The latter shortened sail to run alongside of her opponent. Fortunately the "mixed shot" from the pirate's stern carronades fell short; at the same moment the contents of the *Lucky Chance's* bow gun and a volley from her small-arm men got home. Before the smoke from these had cleared, her stem went rasping and grinding along the pirate's quarter till the rigging and sails of the two vessels fouled.

Like a flash the Lieutenant with two score picked men at his heels had scrambled over the wreckage of the foremast, and was on the pirate's deck.

"*Tah!*" (kill) he shouted.

"*Tah!*" re-echoed his Hakkas, as they cut and slashed among the pirates' ranks. The latter, stripped to the waist, blackened with powder, many of them besmeared with blood, rallied round Semala and the She-Fiend amidships. Their hideous faces only served to accentuate the latter's strange beauty, as she stood, pistol in hand, screaming orders to her men and firing into her enemies' ranks. Two of the pirates seemed to devote themselves to shielding her with their spears, while the Lieutenant's men, their superstitious fear overcome in a measure by the actuality of combat, strove to break through to her with their sword-bayonets and pikes.

Semala himself fought like a demon; but try as he would the Lieutenant was unable to

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reach the renegade; some devoted brute always threw himself before his master, and the odds at present were against the Englishman. In vain he emptied his heavy Colt's pistol, and his coxswain thrust and lunged with his long pike. As each gap appeared the pirates' ranks closed up and filled it. They had even begun to drag the stern carronades round, in order to discharge them point blank at the advancing boarders, when the old "service" instincts of the master of the *Lucky Chance* became too strong for him, he having served the "Inglish Keen," as he styled her late Majesty, on board a wooden sailing three-decker. Old habit getting the better of present prudence, he discharged the stern six-pounder crammed to the muzzle with grape shot point blank into the pirate's vessel, and then, followed by nearly all the remaining men of the *Lucky Chance*, scrambled on board the pirate.

Fortunately this diversion proved just sufficient to turn the scale.

"*Tah!*" yelled the Lieutenant's men anew, and step by step they drove the pirates further aft. Gradually, as the latter were forced further and further back, the half-dozen small-arm men still left in the *Lucky Chance* were able to get their Enfield rifles to work. Only their bamboo helmets with the Imperial dragon on the front now distinguished the Lieutenant's men from their equally blackened and blood-stained opponents. At last by a final effort, and aided by the marksmen from the other vessel, the European-drilled Hakkas drove the remainder of the pirates, still fighting round Semala and the She-Fiend, below.

As the Lieutenant wrenched at the closed hatch of the companion ladder he felt a sharp pain in his ankle. His white trousers turned quickly red, and there was a cry of triumph from the She-Fiend below. But the wound was slight and in a trice he had forced the hatch, and cleared the ladder with his Colt.

Nor were they a moment too soon, for the Lieutenant only sprang down in time to strike from the She-Fiend's hand the pistol that in another second would have discharged its second barrel into the powder-kegs, stink-pots, and gun-cartridges that the pirate's magazine contained.

With a scream of rage, and holding her almost broken wrist she sprang through an open door into the stern-cabin. A female slave, with cries of terror, dragged the heavy sliding door to, and dropped the bar.

Posting two men at the door, the Lieutenant turned his attention to clearing the 'tween decks. This his Hakkas' bayonets soon did, a single volley into the bows sending the last cluster of the Hing Ti pirates from the shelter of their gloom. Then torches were brought, and those remaining alive were secured.

Semala himself seemed to have disappeared. He was not among the prisoners, nor could his body be found among the dead.

Meanwhile Long Ling and a mandarin officer who had accompanied the expedition were trying to burst open the door of the She-Fiend's cabin, while Ab Sin, table-boy and marine, covered it with his Snider in case of a sally. These three were perhaps the only men under the Lieutenant's command who would have dared to seize the She-Fiend. As the Lieutenant approached, and Long Ling was about to deliver a blow with his axe, the bar was shot back from within and the door quickly drawn back.

The Lieutenant stepped back in sudden horror. Almost in the doorway itself, suspended by a sash from a beam and full in the lurid glare of the great red lamps which swung before the altar of the Demon he had worshipped, hung Semala, his eyeballs starting from their sockets, his dark saturnine face even more hideous in death. The image itself, with one hand outstretched, the carbuncles forming the eyes sparkling in the flickering crimson light, seemed to exult over its victim with a fiendish leer.

On an ebony and marble seat near the altar, calmly regarding the scene, reclined the She-Fiend, neither her face nor her dress now showing any signs of disorder. A touch of rouge had removed her paleness, some of which, no doubt, had been due to rice powder. She was wearing a yellow flowered-silk jacket with pale blue trousers, both of which allowed the graceful outline of her figure to be seen through them, while gold and jade bangles adorned her wrists and ankles. Pink silk stockings and thin patent leather shoes set off her shapely feet and ankles; handsome rings set with diamonds, of European make—spoils of murdered owners—covered her hands.

For a moment the four men stood rooted to the spot with horror, then the Lieutenant advanced into the cabin and, to destroy the glamour of the scene, struck the great idol a heavy blow with the butt of his revolver. As the image swayed and crashed over on to the deck, not all the heaps of Mexican dollars revealed in its hollow base, nor the jewels and ornaments covering it, could tempt even the coxswain or Ab Sin, far less any of the other Hakkas, to cross that awful threshold.

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The Lieutenant then called to Long Ling to cut down the body of Semala. But the coxswain merely shook his head and retreated further from the doorway.

"Plenty devil have got 'ee," he observed laconically with a jerk of his thumb towards the body as it swung to and fro in the flickering red light.

Both the coxswain and Ab Sin firmly believed that the ghosts of all Semala's former victims had visited him in his last moments, till driven to desperation he accepted the suggestion of the demon he worshipped and committed suicide to escape them. Demon-haunted was the place in their belief for now and evermore.

Eventually the Lieutenant had to cut down the body himself, while the military mandarin, enraged at the She-Fiend's insolence in daring to wear the Imperial yellow, added a pair of heavy wrist-irons to her other adornments.

On an ebony and marble seat near the altar, calmly regarding the scene, reclined the She-Fiend.

The She-Fiend then suffered herself and her servant to be led from the ghastly scene in the cabin, the Lieutenant threatening to pistol any man who ill-used either her or her slave. Not that such a prohibition was very necessary, for his Hakkas for the most part gave the She-Fiend a very wide berth. Ab Sin, however, and the coxswain, both of whom had seen service with the British-Chinese forces in the "Sixties" were bolder than their comrades and made friends with the She-Fiend at once, supplying her with all she needed in the shape of cigarettes, tea, fruit, cakes, and mandarin wine, and imparting much novel information as to the wonderful ways of all foreign devils in general, and the Lieutenant foreign devil in particular. The latter, however, resisted with some disgust all the She-Fiend's attempts to attract his attention, and hoisting the Imperial dragon over

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both vessels, had them steered, with their cargo of captured pirates, direct for the Canton River.

The rumour of the capture of the most dreaded of the seven pirate captains had outstripped—as native rumour does outstrip everything else, even the telegraph itself at times—the arrival of the *'Lucky Chance* and her prey, and many who were interested in the coast trade had come to see the prisoners landed. Among others, the Tepo of a large village, head of a powerful Hakka clan, and who had purchased an official "button," had been engaging junks to carry the granite from his quarries to Canton, and stopped on his way back to see the Lieutenant disembark with his captives. The officer had allowed the She-Fiend's slave to go free, and the She-Fiend, herself, being the last to disembark, was alone.

The She-Fiend marked the admiring gaze of the Tepo. The She-Fiend had a remarkably fine pair of eyes, and being a woman, though a pirate, knew how to use them.

When the Tepo left the quay he was observed to make his way to the Yamen of the local official or magistrate. An hour or two later a casual observer might have noticed a huge sack of silver being carried by coolies into the building.

A few days afterwards the execution of the pirates and "the woman who led them," was officially reported, and two heaps of heads duly appeared on the Public Executioner's ground.

But if that same casual observer had cared to examine these grisly trophies, he would have found that the features of the She-Fiend had in death become singularly like those of her faithful female slave.

II.

It was the autumn of the year 1900, and more than a quarter of a century had now elapsed since the fight on the West Coast. Li-a-Kew, head of the Li clan, and Tepo of the large "stone village," with its strong loop-holed walls, was a prosperous man with power of life and death over four thousand able-bodied Hakkas. Few cared to cross the Tepo, who, as magistrate, was quite capable of administering the bamboo, ordering torture, or even execution to such an offender. But still fewer cared to cross the Tepo's "number one wife," a tall, powerful woman of eight-and-forty, whose features even now bore more resemblance to the She-Fiend's than had those of the ghastly severed head which had lain on the executioner's ground at Canton nearly thirty years ago. It was the Tepo's wife who really ruled the Li clan of the stone village, and ruled them with a rod of iron.

The gossips, and such as had felt the weight of her sore displeasure, declared that his wife had bewitched their Tepo, that he was under the magic of the "Tankerlow Devil," and that no good would come of it. But the missionaries, at least, spoke charitably of "the Tepo's lady" as a liberal contributor to the funds of the mission, and if not actually a Christian herself, the mother of one of their most promising converts.

For the Tepo's daughter had become a strict Catholic under the care of the "Good Sisters," and was soon to be married to a young Christian from the Hong Kong College, the son of a wealthy "Hong" proprietor in that British colony.

Just, however, as the Tepo's wife had ascertained an auspicious date for the ceremony from the soothsayer, there came rumours of a Boxer rising in the north, and the people of the Kwang provinces heard that all the foreign devils were to be driven into the sea.

The more turbulent of the population began to grow restless and show a truly Oriental tendency to range themselves on what they thought to be the winning side. The more enlightened agreed that as the foreign devils had suppressed the "Taipings" forty years ago they would certainly suppress the Boxers now. For the present, at any rate, while these rumoured doings were confined to the north, the people continued to go quietly about their business as usual. The Cantonese Acting Viceroy posted notices instructing the people not to interfere with the missions or molest the native Christians. But all this time certain "Traders" were arriving from the north, well-dressed men in long silk gowns, with plenty of silver at their disposal.

Soon these mysterious "Traders" began to appear in the Tepo's district. The usual Boxer placards were posted in the villages. These, by the Tepo's order, were promptly torn down and the Boxer agents roughly handled and driven out. But in the next district—and it was here that the mission buildings and chapel were situated—the people were mostly Puntis, and the mischief of the Boxer agents began to work.

Then crowds began to insult and threaten the congregations as they left the chapel. The missionaries at once applied to the acting Viceroy for protection. This was readily promised. Unfortunately, though, it didn't come.

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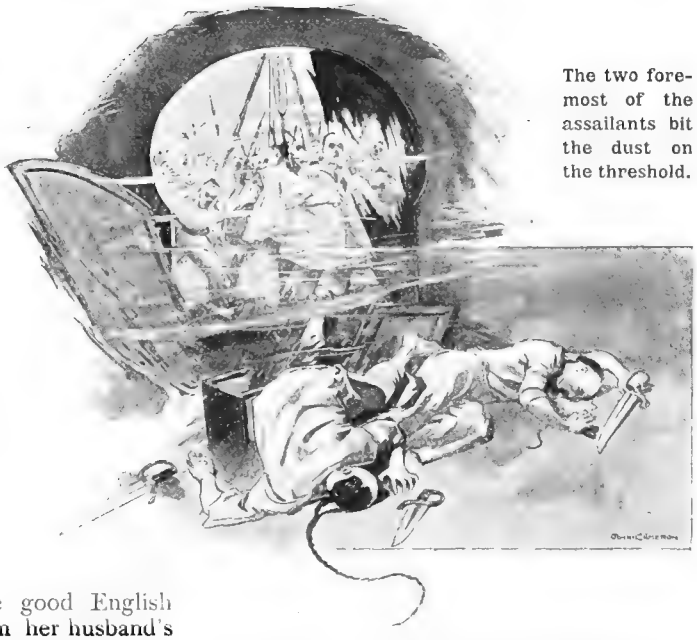

The two foremost of the assailants bit the dust on the threshold.

With matters at this pass the Tepo urged his daughter to stop away from the Mission till quieter times. But the young girl had inherited her mother's high courage and would not give up her church and her Christian friends. The mother, pleased at her daughter's spirit, sided with her, and announced her intention of accompanying her to the chapel on the following Sunday.

Thus Sunday morning saw her and her daughter borne in chairs by eight stout Hakka coolies on their way to the chapel in the Punti stone village. Possibly she trusted to her reputation as a sorcerer, but more probably to the good English revolver she had taken from her husband's room, and to the long spears fastened alongside the chair-poles.

An hour's journey brought them to a plain stone building where the great bell was yet ringing for service; this, and the stone cross over the door being the only indications of the sacred character of the place.

The She-Fiend took a seat beside her daughter, and sat silent and subdued while the service proceeded. It was the first time she had seen "the Christian Joss-house" where her daughter was to be married. She seemed strangely fascinated by a carved representation of the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms, and many whispered that a miracle was about to be wrought—that the She-Fiend's conversion was being accomplished.

Be that as it may, she was unusually quiet and thoughtful that fatal Sabbath morning.

Just as the officiating priest was bestowing the final benediction a distant murmur was borne to the worshippers' ears. Each kneeling Christian started, and a very different light flashed into the She-Fiend's eyes. Gradually as the sounds drew nearer the murmur swelled into an uproar, the uproar into a pandemonium of yells and curses.

"*Tah fan kwai!*" (Kill the foreigner.)

The priest ran from the altar towards the door to interpose himself between the approaching mob and his terrified flock, but before he was half way down the aisle the She-Fiend, revolver in hand, sprang to the porch and called to her spearmen.

"Quick," she said turning to the missionary and the sisters, "take you the women and the old men and go out by the door behind the bamboos. Run between the thickets to the shore. There are my husband's stone junks. Steer them to our village and ask for help. Quick!"

The priest, an elderly man, and the sisters, finding it useless to remonstrate, followed the congregation in the stampede for the stone junks. But the She-Fiend's daughter broke away from the sisters and rushed back to her mother's side, nor could she be induced to leave her. Meanwhile the handful of Hakkas had made fast the doors and were piling up a barricade composed of the chapel furniture, while four or five of her own clansmen, members of the congregation who had remained behind, armed themselves with iron bars, axes and heavy ironwood poles from the Chapel tool-house.

By the time the howling mob, now nearly 3000 strong, had reached the chapel door they found it immovable, while the bell began to swing wildly backwards and forwards, giving an alarm which the wind would carry far and wide.

The Boxer agents, who were now openly directing matters, sent men to the beach for spars to use as supports. Others uprooted a heavy tombstone from the neighbouring graveyard and hauled it to the spot

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Immediately a score of hands had secured ropes to the huge mass, as it hung between the spars, and swung it high in air. No doors, however strong, could withstand this, and the chapel door, caught by the gravestone at the rebound, crashed inwards.

The Boxer leaders sprang forward against the barricade of chairs and benches.

"Crack, crack," went the She-Fiend's revolver from behind the woodwork, and the two foremost of the assailants bit the dust on the threshold.

The mob hesitated and hung back. What they had been promised was the pillage of the Mission, after the slaughter of women, children, and old men in the chapel. They had not bargained for the She-Fiend and her dozen spearmen behind the barricade. The chapel bell too still swayed madly to and fro, and the greater part of the mob, fearing interference, began to abandon the attack and make for the adjacent mission-house.

But the Boxers and their hired assassins—scum of opium dens and Cantonese prisons—these were made of sterner stuff, and with shouts of "Kill the Water-Devil Woman!" made another attempt to rush the barricade.

Again the She-Fiend's revolver spat forth its venomous fire, and two more of her assailants were laid low. Another of the Boxer leaders, who had escaped the revolver and managed to force his way through part of the barricade, had his sword wrenched from his hand and driven through his body by the "Water-Devil Woman," an expert in the use of that weapon.

Yet another attempt to tear down the barricade meeting with a similar result, even these desperadoes held back for a space until cries of "Foh!" from the looters of the mission house drew their attention to that quarter. In a minute the mission house, with its wooden verandahs and Venetian shutters, was in flames. The Boxers by the chapel were not slow to take the idea, and the returning mob were ordered to bring rafters and beams from the burning building, and pile them with bundles of grass saturated with oil in front of the chapel doors.

Again the She-Fiend's revolver added to the bodies by the barricade, but this time in vain, for, the flames catching the porch first, spread to the barricade, which was soon ablaze. When the smoke became thick enough to conceal their movements, the She-Fiend ordered her men to open the small back door of the chapel, and to rush the path leading to the sea.

The command was obeyed, and the She-Fiend and her daughter, encircled by their clansmen, dashed down the alley between the bamboo thickets, the Hakkas' spears making short work of such of the mob as happened to be on that side of the building.

But the Boxer ringleaders from the front of the chapel had soon grasped the situation, and in a very short time were close behind the little band. Then the Tepo's clansmen made their last stand while their master's wife and daughter fled onwards to the beach.

For a time they used their long spears to such purpose that they kept their assailants at bay, but gradually some of the latter forced a way between the dense bamboo stems, and getting through took the Hakkas in the rear and stabbed them in the back.

As the last of her faithful clansmen went down the She-Fiend and her daughter had reached one of the half dozen of the Tepo's 'sampans' and were dragging in the anchor. Forty or fifty of the mob, however, led by the three remaining Boxer agents, were soon close behind the She-Fiend as she pushed the small craft off and springing in hoisted the sail.

But the wind just then fell light, and though the chapel bell still clanged out its discordant warning—never ceasing to do so indeed until the faithful wretch who pulled the rope had had the flesh hacked from his legs by the swords of his assailants on the roof—it was now too late for the Tepo's help to be of any use, and the She-Fiend realised that her last hour, and worse still that of her innocent young daughter, had come.

Already with yells of triumph the Boxers had scrambled into the other small boats, and were propelling them rapidly towards the two women. The She-Fiend embraced her daughter, then disengaging herself, shot her only child dead, and fastening the body to the iron anchor gently lowered it by the severed rope into the clear blue water. She raised the last loaded chamber to her own temple, but an exasperating insult from the Boxer leader as he sprang into her boat changed her intention, and in an instant the Boxer's body leapt into the air and then fell with a dull thud on the deck, with the She-Fiend's last bullet in his brain.

This gave a momentary check to those behind him, an interval used by the She-Fiend to taunt them with the tortures her husband would inflict upon them when they fell into his power.

"See," she cried, pointing along the coast, "the Tepo's boats."

And still pointing to the help that had

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come at last, but too late, the She-Fiend fell into the sea, a dozen weapons buried in her body.

* * * *

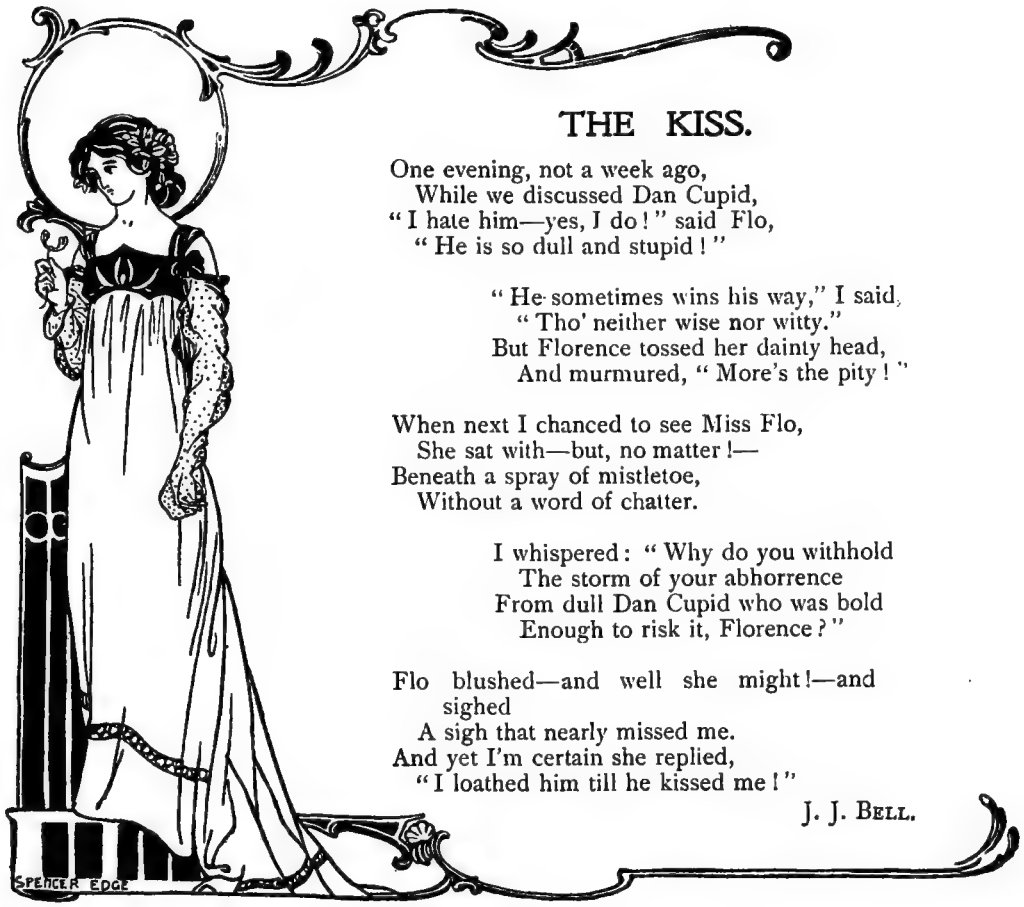
The She-Fiend's body was never found. The awestruck boat-people declared that in the great storm that swept the bay that night the huge form of the Sea-Demon was seen, and that he had claimed her as his prey.

However that may be, the She-Fiend's career had ended in the bloodshed and horror with which it had commenced.

Nor could all the tortures inflicted by the Tepo upon her murderers console the grief-stricken man for his loss.

But the memory of the She-Fiend will ever live in the hearts of the members of the Christian congregation that at such a terrible cost she had saved from the devilish atrocities of a Boxer mob!

There will be many memories of a similar nature, too, treasured by our own countrymen and countrywomen, members of those other Christian congregations at Peking, where the Legation guards and the civilian defenders could never have held out till relief came but for the gallant part played in the defence by the thousands of Chinese converts who held the Cathedral and the Palace, and whose patient labour had constructed the earthworks and the greater part of the defences of the Legations. The She-Fiend's quick insight had very soon noted the good results in her adopted country of the Missionaries' labours —else her daughter had not set foot in either chapel or mission. Thereby the ex-leader of Pirates showed a juster perception of the trend of affairs than the great political leaders of the greatest of Asiatic Powers, who hamper those efforts in every possible way.



THE KISS.

One evening, not a week ago,
While we discussed Dan Cupid,
"I hate him—yes, I do!" said Flo,
"He is so dull and stupid!"

"He sometimes wins his way," I said,
"Tho' neither wise nor witty."
But Florence tossed her dainty head,
And murmured, "More's the pity!"

When next I chanced to see Miss Flo,
She sat with—but, no matter!—
Beneath a spray of mistletoe,
Without a word of chatter.

I whispered: "Why do you withhold
The storm of your abhorrence
From dull Dan Cupid who was bold
Enough to risk it, Florence?"

Flo blushed—and well she might!—and sighed
A sigh that nearly missed me.
And yet I'm certain she replied,
"I loathed him till he kissed me!"

J. J. Bell.

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THE LITTLE PARLIAMENTS OF ENGLAND

Photo by W. H. Warburton, Douglas.

The House of Keys in session.

By H. C. Davidson & J. M. Lainé.

Scotland has lost all desire for an independent government, and Ireland—rightly or wrongly, who shall say?—is refused the "home-rule" she so persistently craves. This we all know; but how many of us are aware that three of the British islands are self-ruling, with Parliaments of their own and separate codes of law—the Isle of Man, Guernsey, and Jersey?

The origin of the House of Keys is lost in the dim ages of antiquity. Its very name has been the subject of endless discussion. The most probable derivation is from *kiare-as-feed* (four-and-twenty, the number of its members), though some hold that it is connected with the word *keise* (chosen). In the year 1422, shortly after the Stanleys became kings of Man, the insular statutes were for the first time recorded in writing, and they contain the statement that under the name of *taxiaxi*, or hostages, there were twenty-four Keys in the days of King Orry, a famous Norse chieftain who conquered and settled in the island in the tenth century. In early times, however, they seem to have had less to do with making the law than with administering it, a function which they continued to discharge until a comparatively recent date.

From a Photo.

Castle Rushen, the first meeting place of the House of Keys.

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So long as the Keys were a judicial body, they had little or no control over the finances. In fact, when the island was sold to the Crown by the Duke of Athole it was administered by the Home Secretary, who defrayed the expenses out of the revenue, and handed over the balance to the English Exchequer.

Photo by Champion-Bradshaw.

In 1706 the House of Keys moved to this building. When it was evacuated, and the House commenced to hold its sessions in the present Government offices, the above premises were taken by Dumbell's Bank, the failure of which has been talked of so much lately.

This arrangement, however, did not long continue, and with the change came the natural demand that the Keys should be elected by the people. That they were so elected originally is probable; but for centuries they had exercised this privilege themselves, nominating for each vacancy two men, from whom the Lord made the final choice. If he thought fit he could veto both, for the decree ran: "Without the Lord's will none of the Keys to be." It was in the year 1866 that the Keys first became a representative body.

Formerly they met in Castle Rushen—in the room which is still used as a court-house—but apparently the place was not always the same.

The space between the castle gates once held three stone seats—for the Governor and the two Deemsters—and there, in 1430, Henry Byron, the Lieutenant-Governor, held "a court of all the Commons." In 1706 the Keys migrated to the lower floor of a building opposite the castle, now used as a bank, and at a later date they purchased the whole of it. Since then they have moved to Douglas, and now occupy a chamber in the Government offices, at the corner of Finch Road and Prospect Hill.

Photo by Kaig.

The procession from Tynwald Hill to the Church of St. John, in the chancel of which the House discusses questions that may need settlement.

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The proclamation of the new laws on Tynwald Hill.

Photos by Kelg.

The officials, Keys, and clergy leaving Tynwald Hill after the reading of the laws.

When they meet they get to work without any formality. The Speaker takes the chair, and the business of the day is at once commenced. There are no parties, though, of course, there are differences of opinion. As in the case of the English Parliament, there is an upper chamber, called the Council, and consisting of the Governor, who presides, the Bishop, the two Deemsters, the Attorney-General, the Clerk of the Rolls, the Archdeacon, the Receiver-General, and the Vicar-General. Bills may be introduced in either branch, and when any difference arises it is settled by means of a conference.

To become law, a bill must be signed by both, and for this purpose it must bear the signatures of at least thirteen members of the Keys. It is then forwarded to the Home Office, and if the report on it is favourable, it is ratified by His Majesty and afterwards promulgated from Tynwald Hill.

This is the quaint ceremony which so many visitors to the island have witnessed. The hill, it should be mentioned, is merely a small mound in the centre of a green at St. John's. The earth of which it is composed is said to have been brought from the seventeen different parishes, and is arranged in four tiers to represent the four estates. The manner in which the ceremony should be conducted was decided as long ago as 1417.

It was declared that the Lord—now represented by the Lieutenant-Governor—"shall come thither in your Royal array, as a King ought to do, by the prerogatives and royalties of the land of Man, and upon the hill of Tynwald sit in a chair, covered with a Royal cloath and quishions, and your visage unto the East, and your sword before you, holden with the point upward, your Barons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your beneficed men and your Deemsters before you sitting . . . . and the Commons to stand without the hill, and your Deemsters shall make call in your Coroner of Glenfaba, and he shall call in all the coroners of Man, and their yardes (wands of office) in

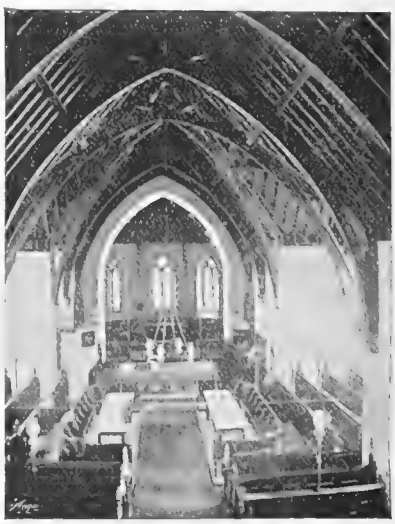

Photo by Kelg.

The chancel of St. John's Church, where knotty questions are discussed by the Keys and Deemsters.

Google

Photo by Champion-Bradshaw & Sons.

The present House of Keys.

their hands, with their weapons upon them, either sword or axe. Then the chief coroner—that is, the Coroner of Glenfaba—shall make a fence, upon pain of life or lymne, that no man make any disturbance or stir in the time of Tynwald, or any murmer, or rising in the King's presence, upon pain of hanging and drawing."

The ceremony to-day is very much the same as it used to be centuries ago, the chief difference being in the surroundings, for instead of a gathering of Manxmen anxious to hear the new laws, there is now a great assemblage of holiday makers, the green being covered with booths and vehicles of every kind.

The laws, however, are no longer read out in their entirety. In these days of newspapers there is no need. The senior Deemster contents himself with reading in English and Manx the titles of the Bills, and as soon as that is finished, the Officials, Keys, and clergy march in procession to the church of St. John's, where the members of both branches of the legislature, taking their seats in the chancel, proceed to discuss any questions that may be awaiting settlement. So far as the general public are concerned, this is the end of the matter.

The peculiarities, or, perhaps, we should rather say, the distinctive characteristics of the Channel Islands, are not particularly in evidence in their legislative assemblies.

Photo by T. A. Grut,

The Royal Court of Guernsey in session.

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Photo by Russell & Sons.

The Bailiff, Sir Godfrey Carey, and the Jurats of Guernsey in their robes of office.

Ancient Norman customs still in force, such as the invocation by anyone who conceives himself to be wronged of the name of Rolls, the first Duke of Normandy—*La Clameur de Haro*, as it is called—are part of the judicial, rather than of the legislative, system. "The States," as the legislative assemblies of Guernsey and Jersey are called, are historically interesting on account of their origin, dimly traceable to remote Norman times, their development and their struggles with a rival body—the Royal Court—a body which in Jersey has been shorn of its legislative authority, but which, in Guernsey, at certain special sessions called "Chief Pleas," still claims and exercises the greater part of the administrative and legislative power within the island. And at the present day these island legislatures still have an interest of their own as quaint survivals of Norman times—old-world forms of an almost oligarchical government.

What, perhaps, would chiefly strike an English visitor who happened to be present for the first time at a meeting of one of these assemblies—at all events in Guernsey—would be the plurality of languages used—French (certainly not of the most grammatical or idiomatic kind), English, and occasionally a strange jargon in which he might detect a sprinkling of French words, and which he would, on inquiry, be told was the local *patois*, still spoken (though much less extensively than formerly) in the rural parts of the island, a debased and corrupted dialect of old Norman

Photo by Grut.

The Royal Court, Guernsey.

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Photo by Tynan Bros.

Mr. J. Balleine,

"Denonciateur" of Jersey, with the mace presented by Charles II. in recognition of the loyalty of the islanders to the Throne during the Commonwealth.

French. He would find something to attract his attention in the robes of the President and the gentlemen seated on his right, and, if the meeting happened to be a meeting of the electoral branch of the States, he might also find something to excite his curiosity in the outward presentments of some of the more aged electors from the outlying parts of the island, in the cut of their coats, the shape of their hats, and the bulkiness of their umbrellas.

He might, perhaps, feel some surprise at seeing so many clergymen present as members of the assembly, and at finding that all members remained sitting when delivering their observations, but he would, let us hope, not be unreasonably astonished at the conduct of the undecided member who, though unable to make up his mind on a certain question, yet boldly remained in his place, and opened declared, "I do not vote," instead of doing what an English Member of Parliament would do in similar circumstances—walk out of the House before a division.

In the building, or in the plain oblong room, arranged as a Court, in which the assemblies of the States are held, our hypothetical English visitor would not find much to admire; and, if he had also visited Jersey, he would be fully justified in drawing comparisons, unfavourable to Guernsey, between the Court House in the latter island and the States House in the former.

As at present constituted, the States of Guernsey consist of two branches—one legislative, and the other electoral—the former being called the States of Deliberation (*les Etats de Délibération*) and the latter the States of Election (*les Etats d'Election*). The States of Deliberation are composed as follows: A. The Crown Nominees, namely (1) the Lieutenant-Governor, whose consent to the holding of every

Photo by Tynan Bros.

The Jersey States House is on the left of this building, the Royal Court in the centre, the Public Library Records and offices on the right.

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Photo by Tynan Bros.

Mr. Philippe Baudains,
The Mayor of St. Heliers.

meeting must be obtained; (2) the Bailiff, who presides; (3) the Procurator-General or Senior Law Officer; and (4) the Comptroller or Junior Law Officer. B. The Royal Court, consisting of twelve "Jurats" or Magistrates elected for life by the States of Election as mentioned below: C. The Rectors of eight of the parishes, appointed for life, and holding their seats *ex officio*: D. Fifteen "douzeniers"—six from the parish of St. Peter Port, and one from each of the nine remaining parishes (these "douzeniers" are members of permanent parish councils called "douzaines." They are elected for a term of six years by the ratepayers of each parish, *i.e.*, such of the inhabitants as own property of the value of £200 and upwards. The "douzeniers" who attend each States meeting are chosen by their colleagues without any reference to the electorate): and E. Nine Deputies elected for a term of years by the ratepayers of the whole island.

Of these members, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Comptroller have a right to speak, but no right to vote. The Bailiff has a casting vote, but no other. It will thus be seen that the States of Deliberation consist of forty-six voting members, of whom nine only can be said in any real sense to represent the people; and it is only about two years ago that the small measure of reform, which secured their admission to the States, was passed. The States of Election consist of the Bailiff, twelve Jurats, the Rectors of the ten parishes, the Procurator-General, the whole body of "douzeniers," 180 in number, and twenty parochial officers called "Constables" (two for each of the ten parishes), who are elected by the ratepayers for three years. This body thus consists of 224 members, and almost its only functions are to elect Jurats and Sheriffs when vacancies occur. It has, however, the power to levy a general tax of a very limited amount without the approval of any higher authority.

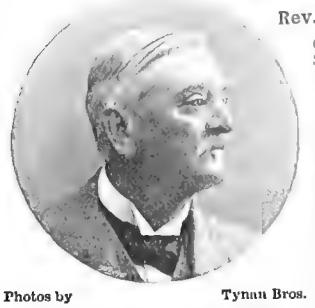
Mr. Hilgrove Turner,
His Majesty's Attorney-General for Jersey.

Mr. E. Le Sueur,
Greffier of Jersey.

Mr. H. E. Le Vavasseur dit Durell,
Solicitor-General of Jersey.

Rev. C. W. Balleine,
Chaplain of the States of Jersey.

The purely legislative powers of the States—apart from their general powers of administration—are limited. They may, as already stated, levy a general tax to a very small amount, and approve, with or without alteration, or reject draft laws submitted to them by the Court of Chief Pleas, which is held three times a year. But all legislation of a permanent nature, and all taxation, if it exceeds the limit, must be confirmed by the



Photos by Tynan Bros.

Mr. E. C. Malet de Carteret,
Lieut.-Bailiff and Seigneur of St. Ouen.

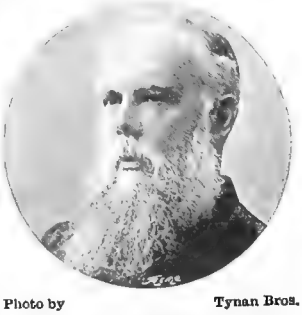


Photo by Tynan Bros.

The Very Rev. G. O. Balleine,
Dean of Jersey.

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King in Council before it has the force of law.

There are no fixed times for the meeting of the States. The States of Election are convened only when the election of a Jurat or Sheriff is necessary; and the States of Deliberation when there are legislative or financial measures to be laid before them.

The States of Jersey differ in some respects from the States of Guernsey. There are no separate States of Election in Jersey, where the Jurats are elected (as they formerly were in Guernsey) by the whole body of ratepayers. Down to 1831 the voting in each parish took place at the porch of the parish church after Divine service on Sundays.

The composition, too, of the States is not quite the same in the two islands. In Jersey, instead of eight rectors, there are twelve (there being twelve parishes in that island); instead of fifteen "douzeniers" there are twelve "constables;" and instead of nine deputies elected by all the ratepayers of the island, there are fourteen.

Photo by Tynan Bros

Mr. W. H. Venables-Vernon,
Bailiff of Jersey.

The islands have from time to time been granted exceptional privileges and immunities by Royal Charter. They have also been the recipients of Royal gifts. Amongst the most interesting of these is the large silver-gilt mace presented to the Bailiff and Jurats of Jersey by Charles II. on his restoration to the throne, in appreciation of the island's fidelity to his father and himself. This mace is always before the Court at its sittings, and is borne before it on solemn occasions by the Dénonciateur or Under-Sheriff.

Photo by Tynan Bros.

Interior view of the Jersey States Room.

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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

Being the Third of a Series of Stories entitled "LONDON MYSTERIES."

By

Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *who explains each mystery to*
The Lady Journalist *whilst at lunch at an A.B.C.*
Mr. Hazeldene (*shipping agent*).
Mrs. Hazeldene (*his wife, found dead on the Underground Railway*).
Frank Errington (*suspected of her murder*).
Mr. Andrew Campbell } (*Witnesses before the Magistrates at Bow Street*).
Mr. James Verner }

I.

"Will you be good enough to give me a description of the man who sat next to you just now, while you were having your cup of coffee and scone?" said the man in the corner to me that day.

He had been sitting in his accustomed place when I came into the A B C shop, but had made no remark all the time that I was partaking of my modest luncheon. I was just in the act of thinking how rude he was not to have said "Good morning," when his abrupt remark caused me to look up.

"Do you know at all if he was tall or short, dark or fair?" he insisted, seemingly not the least disconcerted by my somewhat rude survey of his eccentric personality. "Can you tell me at all what he was like?"

"Of course I can," I rejoined impatiently, "but I don't see that my description of one of the customers of an A B C shop can have the slightest importance."

He was silent for a minute, while his nervous fingers fumbled about in his capacious pockets in search of the inevitable piece of string. When he had found this necessary "adjunct to thought," he viewed me again through his half-closed lids, and added maliciously:

"But supposing it were of paramount importance that you should give an accurate description of a man who sat next to you for half-an-hour to-day, how would you proceed?"

"I should say that he was of medium height——"

"Five foot eight, nine, or ten?" he interrupted quietly.

"How can one tell to an inch or

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two?" I rejoined crossly. "He was between colours."

"What's that?" he inquired blandly.

"Neither fair nor dark—his nose——"

"Well, what was his nose like? Will you sketch it?"

"I am not an artist. His nose was fairly straight—his eyes——"

"Were neither dark nor light—his hair had the same striking peculiarity—he was neither short nor tall—his nose was neither aquiline nor snub——" he recapitulated sarcastically.

"No," I retorted; "he was just ordinary-looking."

"Would you know him again—say to-morrow, and among a number of other men who were 'neither tall nor short, dark nor fair, aquiline nor snub-nosed,' etc?"

"I don't know—I might—he was certainly not striking enough to be specially remembered."

"Exactly," he said, while he leant forward excitedly, for all the world like a Jack-in-the-box let loose. "Precisely; and you are a novelist—call yourself one, at least—and it should be part of your business to notice and describe people. I don't mean only the wonderful personage with the clear Saxon features, the fine blue eyes, the noble brow and classic face, but the ordinary person—the person who represents ninety out of every hundred of his own kind — the average Englishman, say, of the middle classes, who is neither very tall nor very short, who wears a moustache which is neither fair nor dark, but which masks his mouth, and a top hat which hides the shape of his head and brow, a man, in fact, who dresses like hundreds of his fellow creatures, moves like them, speaks like them, has no peculiarity.

"Try to describe *him*, to recognise him, say a week hence, among his other eighty-nine doubles; worse still, to swear his life away, if he happened to be implicated in some crime, wherein *your* recognition of him would place the halter round his neck.

"Try that, I say, and having utterly failed you will more readily understand how one of the greatest scoundrels unhung is still at large, and why the mystery on the Underground Railway was never cleared up.

"I think it was the only time in my life that I was seriously tempted to give the police the benefit of my own views upon the matter. You see, though I admire the brute for his cleverness, I did not see that his being unpunished could possibly benefit anyone.

"The Central London Railway had just

His nervous fingers fumbled about in his capacious pockets.

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been opened a few days, and the old Underground was being deserted for the time being for the sake of the novelty of the other line. Anyway, when that particular train steamed into Aldgate at about 4 p.m. on June 18th last, the first class carriages were all but empty.

"The guard marched up and down the platform looking into all the carriages to see if any one had left a halfpenny evening paper behind for him, and opening the door of one of the first class compartments, he noticed a lady sitting in the further corner, with her head turned away towards the window evidently oblivious of the fact that on this line, Aldgate is the terminal station.

"'Where are you for, lady?' he said.

"The lady did not move, and the guard stepped into the carriage, thinking that perhaps the lady was asleep. He touched her arm lightly and looked into her face. In his own poetic language he was 'struck all of a 'eap.' In the glassy eyes, the ashen colour of the cheeks, the rigidity of the head, there was the unmistakable look of death.

"Hastily the guard, having carefully locked the carriage door, summoned a couple of porters, and sent one of them off to the police-station, and the other in search of the station-master.

"Fortunately at this time of day the up platform is not very crowded, all the traffic tending westward in the afternoon. It was only when an inspector and two police constables, accompanied by a detective in plain clothes and a medical officer, appeared upon the scene, and stood round a first class railway compartment, that a few idlers realised that something unusual had occurred, and crowded round, eager and curious.

"Thus it was that the later editions of the evening papers, under the sensational heading, 'Mysterious Suicide on the Underground Railway,' had already an account of the extraordinary event. The medical officer had very soon come to the decision that the guard had not been mistaken, and that life was indeed extinct.

"The lady was young, and must have been very pretty, before the look of fright and horror had so terribly distorted her features. She was very elegantly dressed, and the more frivolous papers were able to give their feminine readers a detailed account of the unfortunate woman's gown, her shoes, hat, and gloves.

"It appears that one of the latter, the one on the right hand, was partly off, leaving the thumb and wrist bare. That hand held a small satchel, which the police opened, with a view to the possible identification of the deceased, but which was found to contain only a little loose silver, some smelling salts, and a small empty bottle which was handed over to the medical officer for purposes of analysis.

"It was the presence of that small bottle which had caused the report to circulate freely that the mysterious case on the underground railway was one of suicide. Certain it was that neither about the lady's person, nor in the appearance of the railway carriage, was there the slightest sign of struggle or even of resistance. Only the look in the poor woman's eyes spoke of sudden terror, of the rapid vision of an unexpected and violent death, which probably only lasted an infinitesimal fraction of a second, but which had left its indelible mark upon the face, otherwise so placid and so still."

II.

"The body of the deceased was conveyed to the mortuary. So far, of course, not a soul had been able to identify her, or to throw the slightest light upon the mystery which hung around her death.

"Against that, quite a crowd of idlers—genuinely interested or not—obtained admission to view the body, on the pretext of having lost or mislaid a relative or a friend. At about 8.30 p.m. a young man, very well dressed, drove up to the station in a hansom, and sent in his card to the superintendent. It was Mr. Hazeldene, shipping agent, of 11, Crown Lane, E.C., and No. 19, Addison Row, Kensington.

"The young man looked in a pitiable state of mental distress; his hand clutched nervously a copy of the *St. James's Gazette*, which contained the fatal news. He said very little to the superintendent except that a person who was very dear to him had not returned home that evening.

"He had not felt really anxious until half-an-hour ago, when suddenly he thought of looking at his paper. The description of the deceased lady, though vague, had terribly alarmed him. He had jumped into a hansom, and now begged permission to view the body, in order that his worst fears might be allayed.

"You know what followed, of course," continued the man in the corner, "the grief of the young man was truly pitiable. In the woman lying there in a public mortuary before him, Mr. Hazeldene had recognised his wife.

"I am waxing melodramatic," said the man

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in the corner who looked up at me with a mild and gentle smile, while his nervous fingers vainly endeavoured to add another knot on the scrappy bit of string with which he was continually playing, "and I fear that your story will savour this time of the penny novelette, but you must admit, and no doubt you remember, that it was an intensely pathetic and truly dramatic moment.

"The unfortunate young husband of the deceased lady was not much worried with questions that night. As a matter of fact he was not in a fit condition to make any coherent statement. It was at the coroner's inquest on the following day, that certain facts came to light, which for the time being seemed to clear up the mystery surrounding Mrs. Hazeldene's death, only to plunge that same mystery, later on, into denser gloom than before.

The first witness at the inquest was, of course, Mr. Hazeldene himself. I think everyone's sympathy went out to the young man, as he stood before the coroner and tried to throw what light he could upon the mystery. He was well dressed as he had been the day before, but he looked terribly ill and worried, and no doubt the fact that he had not shaved gave his face a careworn and neglected air.

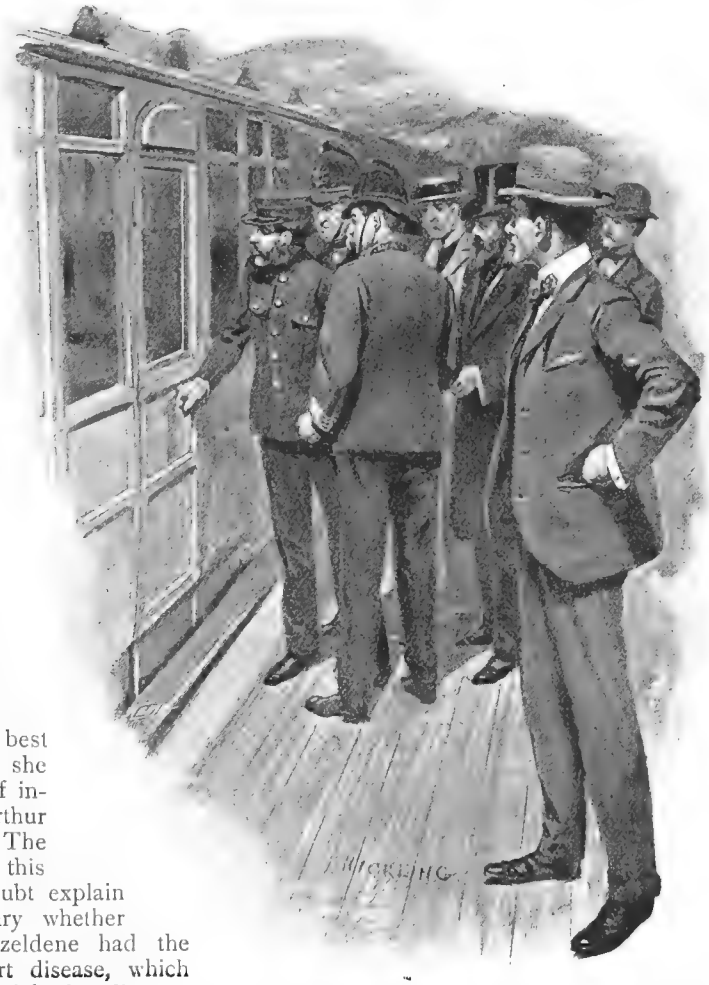
It appears that he and the deceased had been married some six years or so, and that they had always been happy in their married life. They had no children. Mrs. Hazeldene seemed to enjoy the best of health till lately, when she had had a slight attack of influenza, in which Dr. Arthur Jones had attended her. The doctor was present at this moment and would no doubt explain to the coroner and the jury whether he thought that Mrs. Hazeldene had the slightest tendency to heart disease, which might have had a sudden and fatal ending.

"The coroner was, of course, very considerate to the bereaved husband. He tried by circumlocution to get at the point he wanted, namely, Mrs. Hazeldene's mental condition lately. Mr. Hazeldene seemed loth to talk about this. No doubt he had been warned as to the existence of the small bottle found in his wife's satchel.

"'It certainly did seem to me at times,' he at last reluctantly admitted, 'that my wife did not seem quite herself. She used to be very gay and bright, and lately, I often saw her in the evening sitting, as if brooding over some matters, which evidently she did not care to communicate to me.'

"Still the coroner insisted, and suggested the small bottle.

"'I know, I know,' replied the young man with a short, heavy sigh. 'You mean—the



"A few idlers realised that something unusual had occurred, and crowded round, eager and curious."

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question of suicide—I cannot understand it at all—it seems so sudden and so terrible—she certainly had seemed listless and troubled lately—but only at times—and yesterday morning, when I went to business, she appeared quite herself again, and I suggested that we should go to the opera in the evening. She was delighted, I know, and told me she would do some shopping, and pay a few calls in the afternoon.'

"'Do you know at all where she intended to go when she got into the Underground Railway?'

"'Well, not with certainty. You see she may have meant to get out at Baker Street, and go down to Bond Street to do her shopping. Then again, she sometimes goes to a shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, in which case, she would take a ticket to Aldersgate Street; but I cannot say.'

"'Now, Mr. Hazeldene,' said the coroner at last very kindly, 'will you try to tell me if there was anything in Mrs. Hazeldene's life which you know of, and which might in some measure explain the cause of the distressed state of mind, which you yourself had noticed? Did there exist any financial difficulty which might have preyed upon Mrs. Hazeldene's mind; was there any friend—to whose intercourse with Mrs. Hazeldene—you—er—at any time took exception to. In fact,' added the coroner, as if thankful that he had got over an unpleasant moment, 'can you give me the slightest indication which would tend to confirm the suspicion that the unfortunate lady, in a moment of mental anxiety or derangement, may have wished to take her own life.'

"There was silence in the court for a few moments. Mr. Hazeldene seemed to everyone there present to be labouring under some terrible moral doubt. He looked very pale and wretched, and twice attempted to speak, before he at last said in scarcely audible tones.

"'No; there were no financial difficulties of any sort. My wife had an independent fortune of her own—she had no extravagant tastes——'

"'Nor any friend you at any time objected to?' insisted the coroner.

"'Nor any friend, I—at any time objected to,' stammered the unfortunate young man, evidently speaking with an effort.

"I was present at the inquest," resumed the man in the corner, after he had drunk a glass of milk, and ordered another, "and I can assure you that the most obtuse person there plainly realised that Mr. Hazeldene was telling a lie. It was pretty plain to the meanest intelligence that the unfortunate lady had not fallen into a state of morbid dejection for nothing, and that perhaps there existed a third person who could throw more light on her strange and sudden death than the unhappy, bereaved young widower.

"That the death was more mysterious even than it had at first appeared, became very soon apparent. You read the case at the time, no doubt, and must remember the excitement in the public mind caused by the evidence of the two doctors. Dr. Arthur Jones, the lady's usual medical man, who had not attended her in a last very slight illness, but who had seen her in a professional capacity fairly recently, declared most emphatically that Mrs. Hazeldene suffered from no organic complaint which could possibly have been the cause of sudden death. Moreover, he had assisted Mr. Andrew Thornton, the district medical officer, in making a post-mortem examination, and together they had come to the conclusion that death was due to the action of prussic acid, which had caused instantaneous failure of the heart, but how the drug had been administered neither he nor his colleague were at present able to state.

"'Do I understand, then, Dr. Jones, that the deceased died, poisoned with prussic acid?'

"'Such is my opinion,' replied the doctor.'

"'Did the bottle found in her satchel contain prussic acid?'

"'It had contained some at one time, certainly.'

"'In your opinion, then, the lady caused her own death by taking a dose of that drug?'

"'Pardon me, I never suggested such a thing; the lady died poisoned by the drug, but how the drug was administered we cannot say. By injection of some sort, certainly. The drug certainly was not swallowed; there was not a vestige of it in the stomach.

"'Yes,' added the doctor in reply to another question from the coroner, 'death had probably followed the injection in this case almost immediately; say within a couple of minutes, or perhaps three. It was quite possible, that the body would not have more than one quick and sudden convulsion, perhaps not that; death in such cases is absolutely sudden and crushing.'

"I don't think that at the time anyone in the room realised how important the doctor's statement was, a statement which, by the way,

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was confirmed in all its details by the district medical officer, who had conducted the post-mortem. Mrs. Hazeldene had died suddenly from an injection of prussic acid, administered no one knew how or when. She had been travelling in a first class railway carriage, in a busy time of the day. That young and elegant woman must have had singular nerve and coolness to go through the process of a self-inflicted injection of a deadly poison in the presence of perhaps two or three other persons.

"Mind you, when I say that no one there realised the importance of the doctor's statement at that moment, I am wrong; there were three persons, who fully understood at once the gravity of the situation, and the astounding development which the case was beginning to assume.

"Of course, I should have put myself out of the question," added my strange interlocutor, with that inimitable self-conceit peculiar to himself. "I guessed then and there in a moment where the police were going wrong, and where they would go on going wrong until the mysterious death on the Underground Railway had sunk into oblivion, together with the other cases which they mismanage from time to time.

"I said there were three persons who understood the gravity of the two doctors' statements—the other two were, firstly, the detective who had originally examined the railway carriage, a young man of energy and plenty of misguided intelligence, the other was Mr. Hazeldene.

"At this point the interesting element of the whole story was first introduced into the proceedings, and this was done through the humble channel of Emma Funnel, Mrs. Hazeldene's maid, who, as far as was known then, was the last person who had seen the unfortunate lady alive and had spoken to her.

"'Mrs. Hazeldene lunched at home,' explained Emma, who was shy, and spoke almost in a whisper, 'she seemed well and cheerful. She went out at about half-past three, and told me she was going to Spence's in St. Paul's Churchyard, to try on her new tailor-made gown. Mrs. Hazeldene had meant to go there in the morning, but was prevented as Mr. Errington called.'

"'Mr. Errington?' asked the coroner casually. 'Who is Mr. Errington?'

"But this, Emma found difficult to explain. 'Mr. Errington was—Mr. Errington, that's all.'

"'Mr. Errington was a friend of the family. He lived in a flat in the Albert Mansions. He very often came to Addison Crescent, and generally stayed late.'

"Pressed still further with questions, Emma at last stated that latterly Mrs. Hazeldene had been to the theatre several times with Mr. Errington, and that on those nights the master looked very gloomy, and was very cross.

"Recalled, the young widower was strangely reticent. He gave forth his answers very grudgingly, and the coroner was evidently absolutely satisfied with himself at the marvellous way in which, after a quarter of an hour of firm yet very kind questionings, he had elicited from the witness what information he wanted.

"Mr. Errington was a friend of his wife. He was a gentleman of means, and seemed to have a great deal of time at his command. He himself did not particularly care about Mr. Errington, but he certainly had never made any observations to his wife on the subject.

"'But who is Mr. Errington?' repeated the coroner once more. 'What does he do? What is his business or profession?'

"'He has no business or profession.'

"'What is his occupation, then?'

"'He has no special occupation. He has ample private means. But he has a great and very absorbing hobby.'

"'What is that?'

"'He spends all his time in chemical experiments, and is, I believe, as an amateur, a very distinguished toxicologist.'"

III.

"Did you ever see Mr. Errington, the gentleman so closely connected with the mysterious death on the Underground Railway?" asked the man in the corner as he placed one or two of his little snap-shot photos before me. "There he is, to the very life. Fairly good-looking, a pleasant face enough, but ordinary, absolutely ordinary.

"It was this absence of any peculiarity which very nearly, but not quite, placed the halter round Mr. Errington's neck. But I am going too fast, and you will lose the thread.

"The public, of course, never heard how it actually came about that Mr. Errington, the wealthy bachelor of Albert Mansions, of the Grosvenor, and other young dandies' clubs, one fine day found himself before the magistrates at Bow Street, charged with being concerned in the death of Mary Beatrice Hazeldene, late of No. 19, Addison Row.

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"I can assure you both press and public were literally flabbergasted. You see Mr. Errington was a well-known and very popular member of a certain smart section of London society. He was a constant visitor at the opera, the racecourse, the Park, and the Carlton, he had a great many friends, and there was consequently quite a large attendance at the police court that morning.

"What had transpired was this:

"After the very scrappy bits of evidence which came to light at the inquest, two gentlemen bethought themselves that perhaps they had some duty to perform towards the State and the public generally. Accordingly they had come forward in order to offer to throw what light they could upon the mysterious affair on the Underground Railway.

"The police naturally felt that their information, such as it was, came rather late in the day, but as it proved of paramount importance, and the two gentlemen, moreover, were of undoubtedly good position in the world, they were thankful for what they could get, and acted accordingly; they accordingly brought Mr. Errington up before the Magistrate on a charge of murder.

"The accused looked pale and worried when I first caught sight of him in the Court that day, which was not to be wondered at, considering the terrible position in which he found himself.

"He had been arrested at Marseilles, where he was preparing to start for Colombo.

"I don't think he realised how terrible his position really was, until later in the proceedings when all the evidence relating to the arrest had been heard, and Emma Funnel had repeated her statement as to Mr. Errington's call at 19, Addison Row in the morning, and Mrs. Hazeldene starting off for St. Paul's Churchyard at 3.30 in the afternoon.

"Mr. Hazeldene had nothing to add to the statements he had made at the coroner's inquest. He had last seen his wife alive on the morning of the fatal day. She had seemed very well and cheerful. I think everyone present understood that he was trying to say as little as possible that could in any way couple his deceased wife's name with that of the accused.

"And yet, from the servant's evidence, it undoubtedly leaked out that Mrs. Hazeldene, who was young, pretty, and evidently fond of admiration, had once or twice annoyed her husband by somewhat open, yet perfectly innocent, flirtations with Mr. Errington.

"I think everyone was most agreeably impressed by the widower's moderate and dignified attitude. You will see his photo there, among this bundle. That is just how he appeared in court. In deep black, of course, but without any sign of ostentation in his mourning. He had allowed his beard to grow lately, and wore it closely cut in a point. After his evidence, the sensation of the day occurred. A tall dark-haired man, with the word "city" written metaphorically all over him, had kissed the book, and was waiting to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"He gave his name as Andrew Campbell, head of the firm of Campbell & Co., brokers, of Throgmorton Street.

"In the afternoon of June 18th Mr. Campbell, travelling on the Underground Railway, had noticed a very pretty woman in the same carriage as himself. She had asked him if she was in the right train for Aldersgate. Mr. Campbell replied in the affirmative, and then buried himself in the Stock Exchange quotations of his evening paper. At Gower Street, a gentleman in a tweed suit and bowler hat got into the carriage, and took a seat opposite the lady.

"She seemed very much astonished at seeing him, but Mr. Andrew Campbell did not recollect the exact words she said.

"The two talked to one another a good deal, and certainly the lady appeared animated and cheerful. Witness took no notice of them; he was very much engrossed in some calculations, and finally got out at Farringdon Street. He noticed that the man in the tweed suit also got out close behind him, having shaken hands with the lady, and said in a pleasant way: '*Au revoir!* Don't be late to-night.' Mr. Campbell did not hear the lady's reply, and soon lost sight of the man in the crowd.

"Everyone was on tenter-hooks, and eagerly waiting for the palpitating moment when witness would describe and identify the man who last had seen and spoken to the unfortunate woman, within five minutes probably of her strange and unaccountable death. Personally, I knew what was coming before the Scotch stockbroker spoke. I could have jotted down the graphic and life-like description he would give of a probable murderer. It would have fitted equally well the man who sat and had luncheon at this table just now; it would certainly have described five out of every ten young Englishmen you know.

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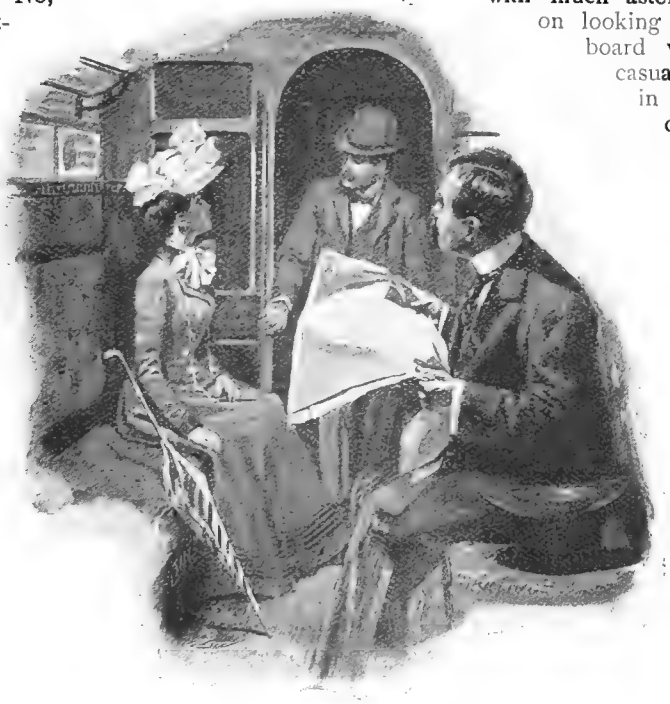
"The individual was of medium height, he wore a moustache which was not very fair nor yet very dark, his hair was between colours. He wore a bowler hat, and a tweed suit, and—and—that was all—Mr. Campbell might perhaps know him again, but then again, he might not—he was not paying much attention—the gentleman was sitting on the same side of the carriage as himself—and he had his hat on all the time. He himself was busy with his newspaper—yes—he might know him again—but he really could not say—

"Mr. Andrew Campbell's evidence was not worth very much, you will say. No, it was not in itself, and would not have justified any arrest were it not for the additional statements made by Mr. James Verner, manager of Messrs. Rodney & Co., colour printers.

"Mr. Verner is a personal friend of Mr. Andrew Campbell, and it appears that at Farringdon Street, where he was waiting for his train, he saw Mr. Campbell get out of a first-class railway carriage. Mr. Verner spoke to him for a second, and then, just as the train was moving off, he stepped into the same compartment which had just been vacated by the stock-broker, and the man in the tweed suit. He vaguely recollects a lady sitting in the opposite corner to his own with her face turned away from him, apparently asleep, but he paid no special attention to her. He was like nearly all business men when they are travelling—engrossed in his paper. Presently a special quotation interested him; he wished to make a note of it, took out a pencil from his waistcoat pocket, and seeing a clean piece of paste-board on the floor, he picked it up, and scribbled on it the memoranda he wished to keep. He then slipped the card into his pocket-book.

"'It was only two or three days later,' added Mr. Verner in the midst of breathless silence, 'that I had occasion to refer to these same notes again. In the meanwhile the papers had been full of the mysterious death on the Underground Railway, and the names of those connected with it were pretty familiar to me. It was, therefore, with much astonishment, that on looking at the paste-board which I had casually picked up in the railway carriage I saw the name on it 'Frank Errington.'



"At Gower Street, a gentleman in a tweed suit and a bowler hat got into the carriage."

"There was no doubt that the sensation in Court was almost unprecedented. Never since the days of the Fenchurch Street mystery, and the trial of Smethurst had I seen so much excitement. Mind you, I was not excited—I knew by now every detail of that crime as if I had committed it myself. In fact, I could not have done it better, although I have been a student of crime for many years now. Many people there—his friends, mostly—believed that Errington was doomed. I think he thought so too, for I could see that his face was terribly white, and he now and then passed his tongue over his lips, as if they were parched.

"You see he was in the awful dilemma—a perfectly natural one, by the way—of being absolutely incapable of *proving* an *alibi*,

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The crime—if crime there was—had been committed three weeks ago. A man about town like Mr. Frank Errington might remember that he spent certain hours of a special afternoon at his club, or in the Park, but it is very doubtful in nine cases out of ten if he can find a friend who could positively swear as to having seen him there. No! no! Mr. Errington was in a tight corner and he knew it. You see, there were—besides the evidence—two or three circumstances which did not improve matters for him. His hobby in the direction of toxicology, to begin with. The police had found in his room every description of poisonous substances, including prussic acid.

"Then, again, that journey to Marseilles, the start for Colombo, was, though perfectly innocent, a very unfortunate one. Mr. Errington had gone on an aimless voyage, but the public thought that he had fled terrified at his own crime. Sir Arthur Inglewood, however, here again displayed his marvellous skill on behalf of his client by the masterly way in which he literally turned all the witnesses for the Crown inside out.

"Having first got Mr. Andrew Campbell to state positively that in the accused he certainly did *not* recognise the man in the tweed suit, the eminent lawyer, after twenty minutes' cross-examination, had so completely upset the stockbroker's equanimity that it is very likely he would not have recognised his own office boy.

"But through all his flurry and all his annoyance Mr. Andrew Campbell remained very sure of one thing; namely, that the lady was alive and cheerful, and talking pleasantly with the man in the tweed suit up to the moment when the latter, having shaken hands with her, left her with a pleasant '*Au revoir!* Don't be late to-night.' He had heard neither scream nor struggle, and in his opinion, if the individual in the tweed suit had administered a dose of poison to his companion, it must have been with her own knowledge and free will; and the lady in the train most emphatically neither looked nor spoke like a woman prepared for a sudden and violent death.

"Mr. James Verner, against that, swore equally positively that he had stood in full view of the carriage door, from the moment that Mr. Campbell got out until he himself stepped into the compartment, that there was no one else in that carriage between Farringdon Street and Aldgate, and that the lady, to the best of his belief, had made no movement during the whole of that journey.

IV.

"No; Frank Errington was *not* committed for trial on the capital charge," said the man in the corner with one of his sardonic smiles, "thanks to the cleverness of Sir Arthur Inglewood, his lawyer. He absolutely denied his identity with the man in the tweed suit, and swore he had not seen Mrs. Hazeldene since eleven o'clock in the morning of that fatal day. There was no *proof* that he had; moreover, according to Mr. Campbell's opinion, the man in the tweed suit was in all probability not the murderer. Common sense would not admit that a woman could have a deadly poison injected into her without her knowledge, while chatting pleasantly to her murderer.

"Mr. Errington lives abroad now. He is about to marry. I don't think any of his real friends for a moment believed that he committed the dastardly crime. The police think they know better. They do know this much, that it could not have been a case of suicide, that if the man who undoubtedly travelled with Mrs. Hazeldene on that fatal afternoon had no crime upon his conscience he would long ago have come forward and thrown what light he could upon the mystery.

"As to who that man was, the police in their blindness have not the faintest doubt. Under the unshakable belief that Errington is guilty they have spent the last few months in unceasing labour to try and find further and strong proofs of his guilt. But they won't find them, because there are none. There are no positive proofs against the actual murderer, for he was one of those clever blackguards who think of everything, foresee every eventuality, who know human nature well, and can foretell exactly what evidence will be brought against them, and act accordingly.

"This blackguard from the first kept the figure, the personality, of Frank Errington before his mind. Frank Errington was the dust which the scoundrel threw metaphorically in the eyes of the police, and you must admit that he succeeded in blinding them,—to the extent even of making them entirely forget the one simple little sentence, overheard by Mr. Andrew Campbell, and which was, of course, the clue to the whole thing—the only slip the cunning rogue made—'*Au revoir!* Don't be late to-night.' Mrs. Hazeldene was going that night to the opera with her husband——

"You are astonished?" he added with a shrug of the shoulders, "you do not see the tragedy yet, as I have seen it before me all along. The frivolous young wife, the

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flirtation with the friend?—all a blind, all pretence. I took the trouble which the police should have taken immediately, of finding out something about the finances of the Hazeldene *ménage*. Money is in nine cases out of ten the keynote to a crime. I found that the will of Mary Beatrice Hazeldene had been proved by the husband, her sole executor, the estate being sworn at £15,000. I found out, moreover, that Mr. Edward Sholto Hazeldene was a poor shipper's clerk when he married the daughter of a wealthy builder in Kensington—and then I made note of the fact that the disconsolate widower had allowed his beard to grow since the death of his wife.

"There's no doubt that he was a clever rogue," added the strange creature leaning excitedly over the table, and peering into my face. "Do you know how that deadly poison was injected into the poor woman's system. By the simplest of all means, one known to every scoundrel in Southern Europe. A ring—yes! a ring, which has a tiny hollow needle capable of holding a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to have killed two persons instead of one. The man in the tweed suit shook hands with his fair companion—probably she hardly felt the prick, not sufficiently in any case to make her utter a scream. And, mind you, the scoundrel had every facility, through his friendship with Mr. Errington, of procuring what poison he required, not to mention his friend's visiting card. We cannot gauge how many months ago he began to try and copy Frank Errington in his style of dress, the cut of his moustache, his general appearance, making the change probably so gradual, that no one in his own *entourage* would notice it. He selected for his model a man his own height and build, with the same coloured hair."

"Seeing a clean piece of paste-board on the floor, he picked it up."

"But there was the terrible risk of being identified by his fellow-traveller in the Underground," I suggested.

"Yes, there certainly was that risk; he chose to take it, and he was wise. He reckoned that several days would in any case elapse before that person, who, by the way, was a business man absorbed in his newspaper, would actually see him again. The great secret of successful crime is to study human nature," added the man in the corner, as he began looking for his hat and coat. "Edward Hazeldene knew it well."

"But the ring?" I said.

"He may have bought that when he was on his honeymoon," he suggested with a grim chuckle, "the tragedy was not planned in a week; it may have taken years to mature. But you will own that there goes a frightful scoundrel unhung. I have left you his photograph as he was a year ago, and as he is now. You will see he has shaved his beard again, but also his moustache. I fancy he is a friend now of Mr. Andrew Campbell."

He left me wondering. I don't know what I did believe; his whole story sounded so far-fetched and strange. Was he really giving me the results of continued thought, or was he experimenting as to exactly how far the credulity of a lady novelist could go?

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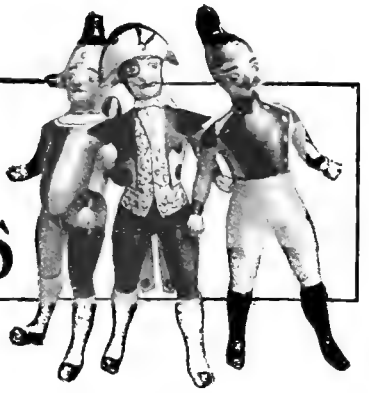
TOY BALLOONS



By A. Anderson.

Toy balloons in the form of animals and human beings. By filling them with hydrogen they can be made to float about in the air.

Balloons always seem to have a peculiar fascination for all sorts and conditions of men, even in these days of motor cars and one-hundred-and-twenty-miles-an-hour express trains; and although most of us have seen a good many balloon ascents in our lives, if a balloon happens to pass overhead, we turn our gaze skyward and watch it out of sight with unabated wonder.

This interest makes itself evident, too, at a very early age. Even an inarticulate infant if he sees a street-hawker with a bundle of gaily-coloured toy balloons, will stretch out his arms and ask for one in the only way he understands, that is, with a loud scream. The interest does not die out like so many childish interests; it often retains its full power even in the grey-bearded septuagenarian who, almost in his second childhood, buys toy balloons for his great-grandchildren, and enjoys knocking them about almost as much as the children themselves do.

To those who are interested in balloons, a visit to the workshops of M. Lachambre, the well-known Paris balloon manufacturer, would be an experience which would combine amusement with much information about balloons and the methods of their manufacture, certainly not known to them before.

Balloons of all shapes and sizes, all makes and all designs, more or less advanced towards completion, are to be seen in different parts of the factory. It was here that the balloon of the ill-fated Andrée expedition first saw the light, and M. Lachambre is quite in the foremost rank of aeronautic architects. His profession is a very important one, and its vital concern and interest will continue till a serviceable flying ship is invented.

The interest in balloons is not on the whole unnatural, for the problem of flight is one that man has been trying to solve ever since he became civilised. His first idea was naturally to imitate the flying apparatus with which Nature has provided birds. Only a few years ago, a crank who had no small faith in the power of wings, resolved to put his theory to the test. He reasoned, however, that it must certainly be harder to fly up than down. Therefore he would fly down off some elevated position first and fly up again afterwards. Accordingly he fastened on a pair of wings and ascended to the top of a building some 60ft. or 70ft. high and jumped into space.

His pleasure in the fact that he accomplished the journey to the ground in record time was to some extent discounted by a misfortune which he sustained at the finish in the shape of a broken neck.

Many other aeronautic ideas, some ludicrous, some ingenious, and almost all impossible, have been suggested at different times, but hitherto they have all proved failures—all, that is, except those which

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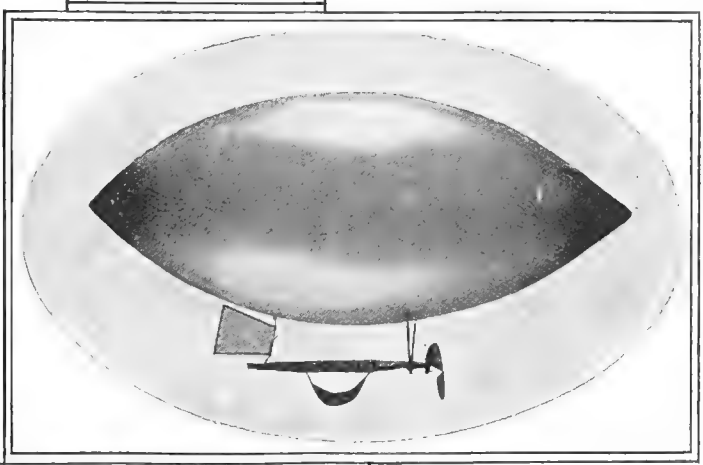
had the balloon as the power by which flight was to be initiated. Since the early days of balloons, when they were sent up by means of hot air, many improvements have been introduced which have rendered aerial navigation much easier.

And this has been the same, to a large extent, with the toy balloon. The old, coloured spheres that were sold in the streets by the rag and bone men of the last generation for "a ha'penny each or an old bottle," as their cry used to be, have vanished; and we have a far superior article made of indiarubber, which resembles its prototype in many ways, and punctures a great deal more easily. Fill this latter with hydrogen, and it no longer rolls inertly on the floor, but soars serenely to the ceiling.

Nowadays, one often sees elaborate models of real balloons fitted up with silk cases, cars and ropes; they are the toys for the children of a more scientific, a more advanced generation. Perhaps, after all, the older and simpler article gave just as much pleasure to its possessors. But there is yet another sort of toy balloon. If it were better known, its potentialities for amusing would be realised; as it is, however, it wastes most of its sweetness on the desert air and hides its light under a bushel.

The balloons weigh practically nothing, in fact, it is often necessary to hold them down. Here one of the workers in the factory is seen holding up a full-sized man without any exertion.

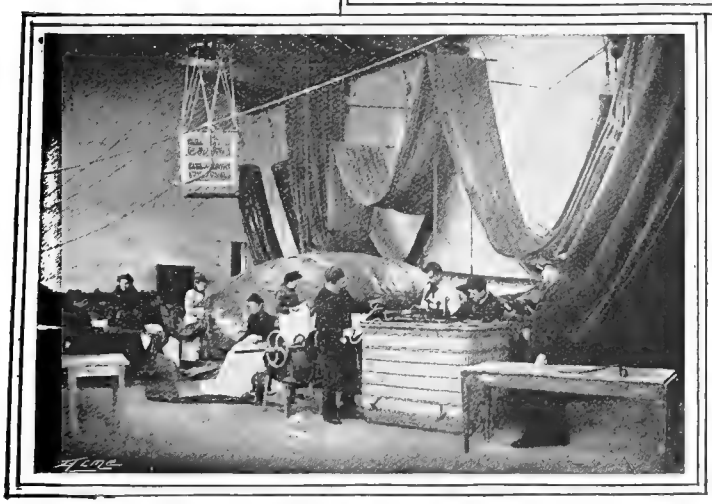
In the workshops of M. Lachambre certain rooms are given up entirely to this particular branch of the balloon industry, and a visit to the place where the finished products are kept would be quite an uncanny experience for anyone who had not been previously initiated into the mysteries.



A model of a cigar-shaped balloon, which can be steered by its rudder and moved by means of its propeller.

For, once inside the door, one seems to be in another world, where the law of gravitation is reversed and where people can dance on air without the unpleasant consequences usually associated with that operation.

On entering the room, we see a motley crowd of men and beasts knocking



A real balloon as stored when not in use.

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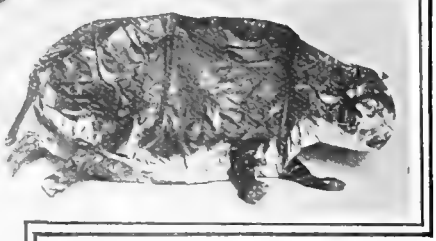
Balloon models of clowns and an elephant fully inflated.

Not much "gas" left in these gentlemen.



A collapsed cow.

Undaunted, in spite of deflation.

An elephant and a pig in a state of collapse.

their heads against the ceiling in the most unorthodox and seemingly impossible way.

About the room a few other figures are lying, looking dejected and emaciated beside their well-proportioned comrades. The dolorous expressions on their flabby countenances almost move one to tears—the tears, that is to say, that follow a fit of laughter of the severer sort.

For real tears there is no need, for two reasons: firstly, a little air—or rather hydrogen—is all that is needed to send the recumbent figures bouncing up to the roof; and secondly, none of the figures need any pity, for, as everyone has already guessed, they are only a new form of toy balloons. Human beings are to be seen in various costumes, and all sorts of animals, from elephants, horses, cows and sheep to cats and dogs.

Probably a full description of the method by which these strange figures are made would not be of very great interest; therefore we will only explain it very briefly.

A model is first made of the same size and shape as the projected balloon. Plaster casts are taken of this in several sections, and from these casts a cardboard model is built up, being, of course, exactly the same shape as the first model.

Over this the membranes which are used to make the balloons are stretched with overlapping edges, only a small hole being left. After the edges of the membranes have been carefully welded together, and when the membranes themselves have taken permanently the shape of the model, the cardboard model is taken out from inside through the hole in small pieces. When this ticklish operation is finished, a valve is fitted into the hole and the balloon is inflated. It is then ready to be handed over to the painter who gives it its proper colourings.

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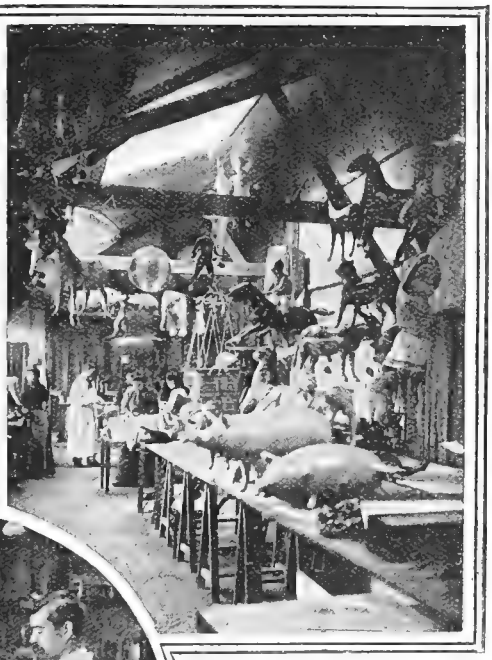
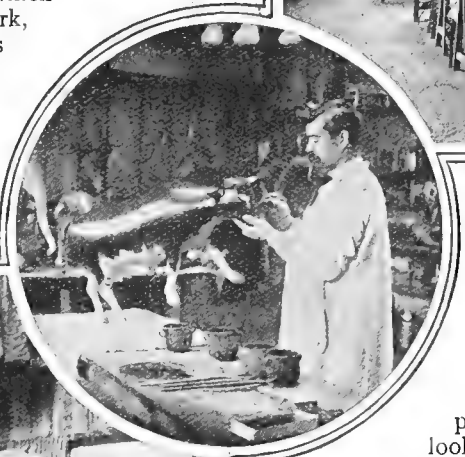
After one balloon has been manufactured any number of balloons can be made of the same pattern by using the first as a model. It is deflated and drawn through the hole when the outer balloon is ready to be removed.

The painter has no small part to play in the successful production of these strange toys. He must furnish a life-like expression, and must also paint on at least some of the clothes when the balloons are to take the form of human beings. It lies with him, also, to give to each animal its natural colouring, and to see that cows do not masquerade as horses and *vice-versa*.

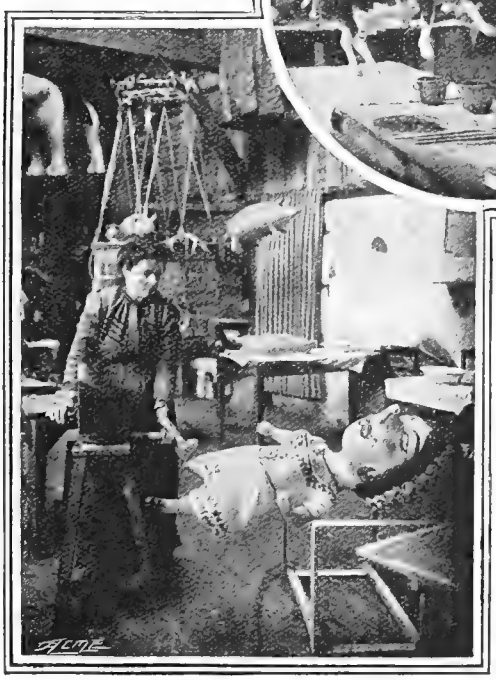
Besides these, M. Lachambre has various working models of real balloons. Of one he is particularly proud; it is cigar-shaped, and in still air can be steered like a boat by means of its rudder. It has a propeller which is worked by clockwork, and the balloon carries ballast in the shape of shot or tintacks.



A workshop where the law of gravitation can be reversed. The figures in the air are filled with hydrogen, those on the ground with ordinary air.



The painter at work on a cow.



Inflating a balloon.

The toy balloon lends itself very effectually to caricature. Probably people can be made to look more hopelessly ridiculous by this class of effigy than by any other of the resources of art.

Not long ago, it will be remembered, there was selling in the streets of London an elongated air bladder in two sections, to represent head and body, of an individual who was unpopular at the time with a large section of the public.

No likeness to the person satirised in this clumsy attempt was aimed at. The satire consisted of inflating the image to a size of importance, the air being allowed to gradually escape after bursting point had been approached as nearly as safety would allow.

Then the figure would shrink and shrink, until it crumpled up into a flaccid heap, sending forth a last dismal wail with its final breath. It was hoped that the public exertions of the original would have a parallel result. But such an offensive use of the toy balloon ought not to be encouraged,

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THE SHEIK OF RAGABIEH

By David Beddoe.

Few men ever started on a career with higher aims or nobler ambitions than my old master, Ismail, viceroy of Egypt, a fact which many, perhaps, who dwell only upon the melancholy close to his erratic and brilliant career, would find it hard to believe. But I who knew him well, better than most men, speak but of things that I know, and I say that before the bond holders of Europe had him in their clutches, and that arch bloodsucker at Constantinople, with his leech cry of "Give, Give," had soured his temper, Ismail was of generous mind and lofty ambition.

I could tell many stories to illustrate the truth of what I am affirming, but that of the Sheik of Ragabieh, possessing as it does, some of the more striking incidents, will suffice.

It chanced that one day whilst engaged in an inquiry that had occupied me for some time, clad, as my custom was, in native gallibeah and turban, I turned into a café in the low quarter, running off the Bab el Khalk, and, sitting at the entrance, scanned lazily the passers-by as I smoked my chibouque.

At a table near by sat a young native; countryman was written in large characters all over him, and I regarded him closely, for in the faint peculiar odour which now and again came wafting towards me with his tobacco smoke, I spelled haschish. His eyes, too, had that bright excited look which haschish in its earlier stages gives, and he puffed away at it like one accustomed to its use.

He looked across at me once or twice, and there was something attractive in his unusually intelligent countenance, which now, however, seemed downcast and miserable.

It had ever been my custom to enter as much as possible into the lives of the people amongst whom I lived, and never to neglect an opportunity for conversation, for in my work, upon slight things often turned great events, and the talk of the bazaars to-day was often realised in the deeds of to-morrow.

So presently I leaned forward and murmured softly: "A stick to the aged, haschish to the unhappy."

He looked up; "A stick to the aged, haschish——

"Here, what do you know of me?" he exclaimed uneasily.

I looked up. "Haschish for him who has lost wife or money."

He stared open eyed. "What art thou? Dost thou belong to the Rowhanee, who can read even the thoughts in a man's bosom?"

"One need not be Rowhanee to read an open page; thou hast fled to the haschish as to a new friend. Thou wilt exchange new dreams for old dreams."

"Ay, and I have dreamed dreams which have needed no haschish to gild them," he replied half abstractedly. "But now they are gone, gone like a dhurra crop when the Nile banks give, curses on the man who took them away, curses, may his father's lot be cast with the Evil One," and he half rose to his feet, his eyes glittering wildly, as much from his excitement as from the fumes of the haschish.

"Allah will surely exact judgment on the

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evil-doer, for what saith the Koran: 'The wicked shall be known by their marks, and they shall be taken by the forelocks and the feet and shall be cast into hell.'"

"May Allah make me his instrument, then, when that day cometh," he exclaimed fervently. "Ha! Ha! the tax-gatherer comes, and he cries 'give, give, in the name of the Effendina, give,' and we give, a quarter, then a half, but they cry for more. We refuse, then the kourbash comes, our feet are flayed, and our backs are ribbed with wales like a ploughed field, then in our pain we give all, even to the last ear of wheat or of dhurra. Curse them; they suck the very vitals out of us. They are thieves all, and Ali el Scoondra, I care not who hears me, is the worst of the lot. May Allah blacken his face."

Now I myself had heard much concerning this Ali el Scoondra, the Sheik el Beled of Ragabieh, and what I had heard was not of any good, but I replied: "Gently friend, gently, what has this man done that thou should'st curse him so? Perhaps thou art but mistaken in him; perchance he is a godly man, and thou hast erred in thy judgment concerning him."

"*He* a godly man. Ay, he goes to the Mosque, 'tis true, and he prays the loudest—by the Prophet, but he'll have need of many prayers to balance his sins. What has he done? Ask any fellah of the village of Ragabieh, and he'll point to the stripes on his back, his empty granary, and the poverty of his house.

"Look at me, O stranger, whose father was owner of 100 feddans of land, good land and well watered. Two years ago he died leaving all to me his only son, so that I was a rich man in Ragabieh, and look at me now, landless, homeless, in this city of Cairo, smoking haschish to drown my sorrow—ay, and more than that: not only did he take the land so that I had to work as a hired man, but he picked me out for the Corvée to labour at the great canal which the Effendina is making under the Frenchman at Suez, and he hath turned my mother, who is aged, from beneath her roof, so that she scarce knoweth where to get sustenance. Only last week did I come to this accursed city to look for work so that I might support my mother who is stricken in years, and now all that I had is gone, and, having no work, I have come here to get haschish, which, even as thou hast said, is as a support to the unhappy, like a stick to the aged."

"Can'st thou prove thy words?" I asked. "Or is it a story, haschish grown?"

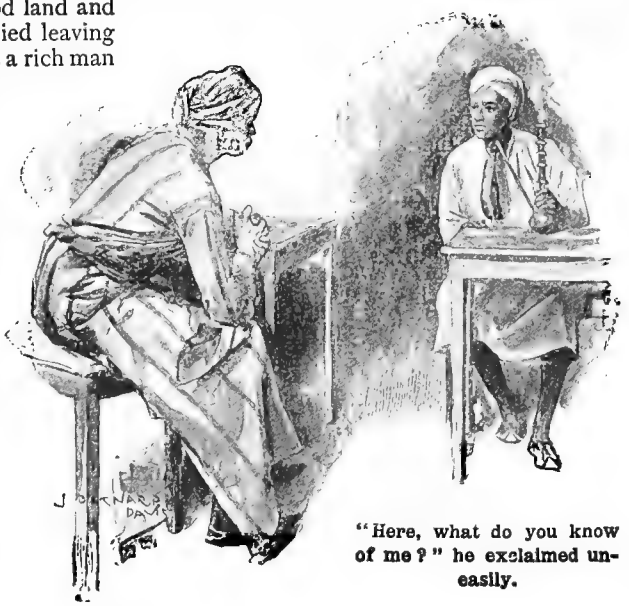
"Prove it? Ay, 'tis common knowledge in Ragabieh," he replied; "if men would but speak; but," he added despairingly, "they dare not, they fear, for Ali el Scoondra has his fingers round their throats, and who would hearken to the poor, who would stand by the poor against the rich, even against Ali el Scoondra, Sheik el Beled of Ragabieh?"

"There is the Effendina," I suggested. "The Effendina."

He laughed scornfully: "What does he care for the property or life of a fellah? The Effendina. Ha, ha, thou must be a fool to suggest it. No, there is no one, save perhaps one whom I have heard whispers of in the mud huts at night. A Frank, concerning whose doings I have heard strange things here in Cairo, though no man that I know of has ever seen him."

"And thou sayest that thou dost want some work?" I asked.

"Ay, dost thou know of any? I would labour like an ox for half his wage, and fetch and carry like a beast of burden, if only I could gain money so that I might make a home for my mother who is afflicted with years. In the village of Ragabieh I passed for a learned man, inasmuch as I can read the Koran and write a little; but alas! that which passes for much in Ragabieh is but



"Here, what do you know of me?" he exclaimed uneasily.

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as nothing here in Cairo where even the children know more than I."

"What, canst read and write?" I exclaimed in surprise, for it was a rare accomplishment in the villages.

"Ay, even so," he replied modestly; 'my father wished it, and I was an apt pupil."

"Well, give me thy name, for perchance I know of something which will suit thee, though the work be hard and the pay but two piastres a day."

He rose, and, grasping my hand, would gratefully have kissed it, had I but let him.

"My name is Abdullah Aziz," he replied, "and I care not who knows it, for I have done no man ill, and would have made it a name to be respected and loved for fair dealing in Ragabieh as was my father's before me, had Ali el Scoondra allowed."

"Good," I replied, "then meet me here, Abdullah, on the third day from now at the same hour, and perchance it will be well for thee."

"I will be here, O Effendi, at the moment thou hast mentioned."

"So be it then," I replied. "Peace be with you," and I rose and arranging my gallibeah, departed.

It was on the following morning that whilst in attendance upon Ismail in his garden, at Kasr el Nil, I took the opportunity of broaching the subject of Ali el Scoondra, Sheik of Ragabieh.

"What now, Mustapha," he laughed, turning quickly, "would'st thou have me get rid of my tax-gatherers? 'Tis hard enough for me to get money from the people now, but if I abolish the tax-gatherer, where then shall I get money for my schemes which, as thou knowest, are many?"

"Ay, I know them, Monseigneur, and when they are carried out the people will bless thee; but dost thou think that all that the fellaheen pay gets into thy coffers?"

"Tut," he replied carelessly, "I suppose they pilfer a little. 'Twas thus in my grandfather's time, and he was a man it were well not to deceive."

"Even so, but 'tis more than that, Monseigneur; they are ground down in places, for the Mudirs call for their share and say it is for the Effendina, then the Sheik adds his, for the Effendina wants it, and they grind the people down, and rob and deprive, all in the name of the Effendina."

"For them the money, Mustapha, for me the curses, eh? Truly, 'tis a good arrangement. But come," he asked musingly, "canst give me chapter and verse?"

"Ay, can I, Monseigneur, many chapters and many verses, but one will suffice," and I told him concerning the case of Abdullah Aziz, and Ali el Scoondra, the Sheik of Ragabieh.

He listened almost carelessly, flicking the ornamental border with his stick as we paced to and fro.

"By my faith," he exclaimed at last, with that curious sudden opening of his eyes, so peculiar to him, "if you but prove the matter to my satisfaction, Mustapha, this Ali el Scoondra shall gather no man's taxes again. What is the good of all my plans and schemes for the good of my people, which, as thou knowest, is near to my heart, if these vultures and thieves bring them all to naught? But stay," he exclaimed suddenly, "I have a mind to see this out myself. We will work it out together, eh, mon ami? we will go down together and inquire into it, you and I."

I attempted to dissuade him, but his mind was set, and with a parting, "Either together, Mustapha, or not at all," he made down a side path to his more private quarters.

I had rather that he had not come to this decision, for I knew well that if he but appeared on the scene the Sheik would have a hundred ready to swear any lies that he desired, and could bring influence to bear even upon Ismail himself, from high quarters; so, much perturbed, I set about making my plans with even more than my usual care.

To catch the Sheik el Beled in the perpetration of his extortion, was the thing to be desired. To catch him so that Ismail should behold the thing with his own eyes, was what I planned to effect, and at length, after much thought, I hit upon a scheme, though not without some misgiving.

On the third day I met Abdullah, and, giving it out to him that I was a somsar or house agent, found him some work to do, and I grew fond of him, for he was an intelligent fellow, far above the class to which he belonged, and every week that he received his money from me, he put half by and sent it secretly to his mother in Ragabieh village.

But one day, when my plans were ripe, I called him into my room, and, with a letter in my hand, somewhat sternly demanded how it had come about that he had told his people where he worked, "for knowest thou not, Abdullah, that if the Sheik el Beled knew that I sheltered thee, I might get into trouble, seeing that he is a great and powerful man, and I but a somsar, who labours for his living."

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"True, O Effendi, I deny it not, I throw myself on thy mercy. I told my mother, for I knew that she would be hungering after news of me, and I wished her to know where I laboured, so that if she needed aught, I could be found, though I know not how it has come to the Effendi's ears."

"See here, this came for thee. The man who brought it gave it to me, when, seeing him loitering, I demanded his business. Here, take it, and see that thou dost not do the like again."

He took it eagerly, and, tearing it open, scanned the scrawly Arabic characters. Then, looking up almost wildly, he exclaimed: "Effendi, my mother is ill, and in want of me. I must go."

"And how about the work which thou hast undertaken to do?"

"I will find a substitute, Effendi, if thou wilt but let me go," he pleaded.

"But art thou not afraid of the Sheik?"

"Effendi, I think not of him, my mother is ill and she wants me. If the Effendi but gives me leave, I will go."

"'Tis a far journey."

"I will accomplish it in two days. I shall get there by daybreak on the third day if I leave before sundown, by which time, if 'tis God's will, I shall have obtained a substitute for the work."

"So be it," I replied, "but never mind the substitute. Depart now and may God guide thee."

"Effendi, thou coverest thy servant with kindness, but I will return soon, and if Allah wills, I will bring my mother with me, though the parting from the village will be bitter," and raising my hand to his lips, he departed.

The following evening I left Cairo, and with me, in old garments, went Ismail, Viceroy of Egypt.

Early in the morning we arrived at Ragabieh, and there it was evident that something unusual was astir, so accosting an elderly native passing along, we inquired the meaning of the unusual bustle, it being, as we knew, not the market day.

He replied cautiously: "The Sheik, may God favour him, has this morning captured one who evaded the conscription for the Corvée. Verily, the Sheik is a wise man."

As we drew near to the outskirts of the crowd which had gathered before the Karakol, on a raised platform we saw a fat man dispensing Justice, the Justice of the Sheik of Ragabieh.

"Verily, the Sheik is a wise man."

We mingled unnoticed with the fringe of the crowd, where, near by, a woman moved restlessly to and fro, wringing her hands in deep sorrow, and one, as he glanced sympathetically towards her, whispered that she was the mother of Abdullah Aziz, who was that day to be tried for his sins, and whose punishment —may God strengthen him—would be heavy.

In front of the Sheik were three men who prostrated themselves to the earth before him, as if by their very abasement to mitigate their punishment.

"Hast thou brought the money thou dog?" demanded the Sheik, "the 500 piastres that I told thee to bring?"

"Oh, Sheik," replied one, "I have nothing. I have paid to the last faddah, I had a cow which ploughed for me, harvested for me, and thrashed the corn when ripe. Now I have no corn, for the taxes have taken it, and the

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cow, as thou knowest, has been taken from me and sold, and not a piastre have I received for it."

"Silence, I want not words but money, and that I will have, or thy feet shall pay the penalty."

He gave a sign and in a trice his feet were hauled up and the cutting kourbash came down with merciless blows upon his upturned soles, whilst he shrieked aloud for mercy.

"Here, take the screaming dog away, and I'll see the punishment is given after I have done."

The other two fared similarly; the same demand, the same tale of poverty and extortion, and again the cutting switch of the kourbash, to be completed later.

Then the Sheik with a triumphant smile, turning to the Zabit in charge of the shaweeshes, bade him bring forth Abdullah Aziz.

At the name a stir of expectation ran through the crowd.

The bastinadoing of fellaheen was an every day occurrence, but this was to be a different matter.

They brought him out; there was no need to drag him, for he walked with a quiet dignity to his appointed place.

"*Mon Dieu*," murmured Ismail, "but the man is a gentleman."

"Silence, dog," shouted the Sheik angrily.

"Dog, so thou thought'st to escape me, did'st thou," exclaimed the Sheik turning towards him, "thou would'st not pay the taxes, thou flouted'st me to my face, then when thou wast drawn for the Corvée, thou fled'st, but now, Allah be praised, the day of reckoning is come."

The old woman near by moaned, and her wailing broke out aloud, and at the sound, the prisoner's face for the first time quivered, but the harsh voice of the Sheik broke in: "Take the old hag away, and if she cries, give her the kourbash."

The prisoner turned: "It is not true what thou hast said; I have paid the taxes; the firdeh, the crop tax, the tax on the date trees, the hire of camels to take grain to the shoonah, all, even to the uttermost faddah as thou knowest. My father left me one hundred feddans of land, and where are they now? Have I been lazy or a spendthrift? Did I not labour night and day at the crops? Yet have I now so much as a keerat to call my own?"

"Silence, dog," shouted the Sheik angrily.

"Then thou chosest me for the Corvée, which was not just, seeing that my father had paid for a substitute for me but three years ago, which money was five times that for which the son of Hassan went, and thou and the Nazir didst share the profits, as all Ragabieh knows."

"By Allah, but that was good," murmured Ismail.

But the Sheik sprang to his feet, beside himself with rage. "Insolent dog, I'll have thee flayed alive for that. Here strip him and cut him with the kourbash, five hundred lashes."

They seized him roughly,

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and flinging him to the ground, prepared to carry out this appalling sentence.

But Ismail who had been getting more and more restless, his eyes well opened as was his wont when deeply stirred, suddenly moved forward and without a word began to elbow his way through the crowd.

A commotion arose.

"Who dares make a noise here?" shouted the Sheik angrily. "Be silent, dogs, or 'twill be the worse for you."

But regardless of the hands stretched out to seize him, Ismail made his way to the daïs, up which, to the amazement of all, in his old gallibeah, he slowly walked.

"Dost thou dare," shouted the Sheik, turning towards the intruder, his face livid with rage, "dost thou dare, thou—"

"Step down from this divan," exclaimed Ismail, and there was a note of command in his voice, the voice of a man accustomed to be obeyed.

'Dog, dost thou dare question thine Effendina?"

The Sheik glared. "Here, here," he exclaimed, calling to his men—

"Have I to order twice? Step down from this divan which thou hast disgraced."

"Who art thou?" asked the Sheik, a fear that he could not suppress coming into his rage-distorted features.

"Dog, dost thou dare question thine Effendina?"

A long stare, a blanching face, and down to the ground went the Sheik, bowing his head to the very dust.

"By Allah, but 'tis the Effendina himself," exclaimed the villagers in wonderment, as they prostrated themselves to the ground.

"Dog," exclaimed Ismail to the limp, abased figure of the man who so lately had had power of life and death in Ragabieh village, "is it thus thou givest justice to my people? You rob, and oppress, and scourge, then say it is the Effendina's will; thou shalt know the Effendina's will to-day as thou hast never known it before. Thou wert his mouthpiece in Ragabieh, thou shalt speak to them as thou hast never done before. An object lesson I will make of thee that shall not be forgotten in Ragabieh village when its babes are old men."

Then turning to the Zabit in charge of the shaweeshes, he exclaimed: "Here, take him away and let him have in the sight of all, the 500 lashes he has ordered for Abdullah, the son of Mahomed."

I laid my hand on his arm.

"Be silent, Mustapha," he said, "I will have my way. Then take him away and hang him high on the acacia tree yonder in front of his own house, that all may behold, and let him hang till sunset."

"And thou, Abdullah," he exclaimed turning, "I like you much; Sheik el Beled of the village of Ragabieh thou shalt be."

The young man raised his hand to his head, "May God lead me in the right path," he murmured.

"Come," said Ismail, and stepping down, he walked away without so much as a glance at the abject figure of the man who but a few minutes before had been the greatest in the village of Ragabieh.

Abdullah, the son of Mahomed, was staring at me. "May Allah preserve thee, O my master," he whispered reverently. "I know thee now, thou art no somsar, thou art the Frank."

I laid my finger to my lip and I knew he understood. There was no need to wait to see the sentence carried out, the Effendina had spoken; ere an hour, Ali el Scoondra, Sheik of Ragabieh, would be hanging before his own door; and as we passed down through the awe-struck people, a wave as of a great deliverance seemed to have come over them, and their prayers were loud and fervent.

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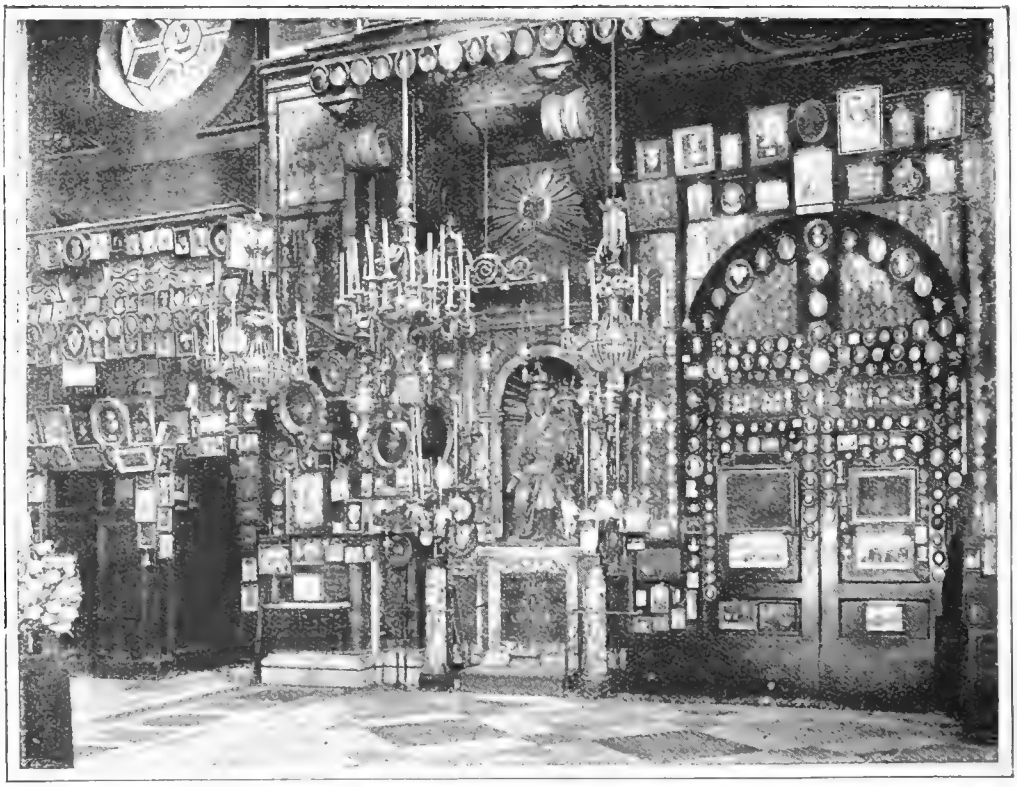

The shrine of the Madonna of Sant' Agostino, Rome, showing the extraordinary collection of votive offerings that cover the west wall of the church.

MIRACULOUS IMAGES.

By Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

In the early days of Christianity the Fathers of the Church sternly refused to allow images, or even pictures, in places of worship. This severity began to be relaxed in the third and fourth centuries, for those who were anxious to spread the Faith imagined that such things as appealed to the senses should be encouraged. But about the eighth century a determined stand was made against the veneration of images by a Byzantine emperor. For many years there were great divisions between the churches of the East and the West, until at last the West triumphed, and the cult of images became universal. At the Council of Trent the Church of Rome decreed that in future statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints might be set up in places of worship, and due honour paid to the sacred personages they represented, by kissing the feet of the statues.

Soon some of the images acquired a special reputation. Suppliants imploring favours found their prayers heard, and if the prayer were offered up before the statue of Our Lady or some saint, that statue would speedily be counted miracle-working, and the sick, halt, maimed, and blind crowded to the shrine.

The first photograph shows the shrine of the famous Madonna of Sant' Agostino in Rome, one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable. As you enter the church your eye is attracted by a glow of light on the western wall cast by the innumerable silver lamps and candles which burn always before the statue of the Virgin. The entire wall of the church is covered with votive offerings of every kind, and even

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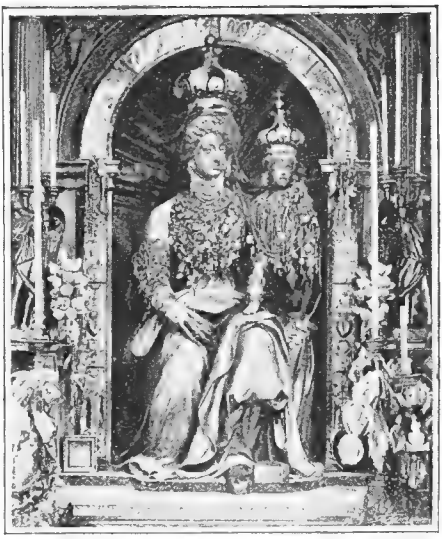
round the circular windows silver hearts of all sizes, inclosed in triangular glass frames, fill up the corners. All over the church, too, these silver hearts may be counted in their thousands, and seem to fill up every available space.

Some of the gifts are very curious. There are silver eyes from those who have recovered their sight, legs from the lame, ears from the deaf, and many thankful mothers make touching little offerings of their babies' tiny garments, which, like all the other things, are neatly framed. There are, of course, the usual quaint pictures depicting marvellous escapes from fire, water, horse or railway accidents, and great bouquets of artificial flowers.

As for the statue itself, unlike most miraculous images, which seem to combine sanctity with extreme ugliness, it is really a very fine piece of sculpture. Unluckily there is little opportunity of seeing all its beauties for it is laden with every kind of ornament, and gold chains, necklaces, and rosaries cover it as seaweed covers a rock. Both the Virgin and Child have immense gold crowns studded with gems. The Madonna wears a diamond star in the middle of her forehead, great hanging earrings, and more strings of pearls round her neck than any advertisement dreamed of by the richest Diamond Company. Her fingers, moreover, are crowded to the very tip with the costliest rings, and numbers of others are attached to her arms and body.



The Madonna of Sant' Agostino covered with every kind of jewellery. The pearls alone are worth a king's ransom.

The Virgen de la Vega, Patroness of the city of Salamanca.

As to the figure of the Infant Saviour, it is rendered absolutely shapeless by the mass of jewellery heaped upon it. The image of the Madonna has a silver foot, and Pope Pius VII. proclaimed an indulgence of two hundred days to all who should kiss the foot and repeat an Ave. Sant' Agostino has been called the Salvation Hall of the Roman Church on account of the wild, unrestrained enthusiasm of the devotees for the image. There are always crowds before the shrine, chiefly women, who frequently prostrate themselves and touch the ground with their foreheads.

Then there is another ancient image which is kept on the high altar of the Church of San Esteban at Salamanca. It is called the Virgen de la Vega, and is in the old Byzantine style. The head and hands are of bronze, and the great staring eyes give it a weird, uncanny look. It wears a curious old crown, and the whole of the body is studded with precious stones. For many centuries this image has been revered by Salamanca; it is considered inexpressibly holy, and in 1618 was acclaimed patroness of the city.

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Still more famous and even more extraordinary in appearance is the great Black Virgin of the Atocha in Madrid. Such, however, is the splendour of her robes and the glitter of her golden, sun-like halo that the tiny face of the Virgin can scarcely be seen. This Virgin has her own court chamberlains and attendants. The Queen of Spain is first Lady-in-Waiting. The wardrobe is very extensive. Sometimes she dresses as a widow, but on days of great festivals her costumes are marvellously incrusted with gold and jewels. According to a custom since time immemorial, the Queens of Spain present their wedding dresses to the Atocha. The ex-Queen Isabella offered the dress she wore in 1858, when she was stabbed. The Atocha is brought as a doctor to Royal bedsides as a last recourse when all other aid is useless.

The Queen and Court attend a service once a week in her chapel, which is the pilgrimage Church of the Court. The Atocha is the patroness of Madrid, and in old times before the King of Spain set out on a journey or undertook any new enterprise, he would pay a visit to her chapel and pray for success. He used to drive thither in great pomp and ceremony, his coach drawn by eight horses, whilst regiments of guards lined each side of the way from the palace to the chapel. Many of the Spanish images have property of their own, such as the Virgin of Elche, who possesses not only the finest palm groves in the place, but also houses, which are marked with her initial and crown.

The Black Virgin of the Atocha in Madrid. The Queen of Spain is first Lady-in-Waiting to this Virgin, who has her own Court.

The most famous image of the Infant Christ is the Bambino of Rome, also famed for its powers of healing. Unlike the Atocha, it does not limit its practice to the Court, but is ready to visit the humblest of patients.

Often those for whom there can be no hope implore the Franciscan monks, in whose charge it is, to bring the Santissimo Bambino to their bedside to cheer their last moments. It has a delightfully chubby round face, with, however, an indescribable air of dignity It is said that far back in the dark ages a pilgrim at Jerusalem carved the statue and Saint Luke painted it. The colours are amazingly fresh, and the Bambino's cheeks are as rosy as if they had been painted but yesterday. The jewels with which it is covered are magnificent. Some few years ago the crown was presented, and a grand ceremony took place, entitled the Coronation of the Bambino. The Cid's roughly-hewn crucifix is known as the Christ of Battles. Whenever the great Spanish captain went into battle he carried it at his saddle bow, and to its aid and miraculous powers he attributed his almost invariable success against the Moors. It is made of gilt brass, and is of Byzantine workmanship. On the head of Our Lord is a curiously shaped diadem instead of the crown of thorns. This crucifix was

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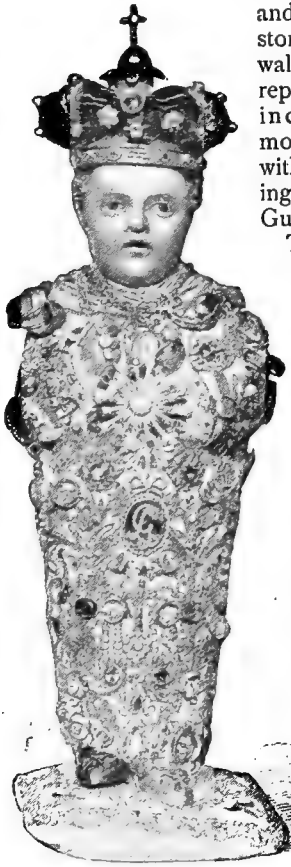
given by Ruy Diaz to the Bishop Geronimo, his firm friend and ally, and is preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Salamanca, where the smaller one, which the Cid used to wear beneath his armour, may also be seen.

In mediæval days the holiest of all shrines to which the faithful thronged, was Loreto. For five hundred years Our Lady of Loreto has been the lodestar toward which the eyes of every pilgrim have been turned. Her statue, carved by Saint Luke in wood of Lebanon, stands in a niche within the Holy House, and before it great silver lamps burn continually. This Santa Casa is said to be the Virgin's own house, wafted across the sea from Palestine and guided by angels' hands to Loreto.

It consists of but one room, the exterior of which is encased in magnificent marbles. The chapel of the treasure is a wonderful place. The offerings of the faithful for five centuries, in gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones are stored away within its walls, and the wealth represented is almost incalculable. It is, moreover, decorated with marvellous paintings by Paul Veronese, Guido and Raphael.

The crucifix of the Cid, Spain's national hero.



The Bambino of Rome, which goes out to visit patients, and is called the little doctor.

The most harrowing and terrible crucifix in the world is the extraordinary Santa Cristo of Burgos, the "Christ of the eggs" as it is sometimes called, owing to the three great eggs at the foot of the cross. This image is famed all over Spain for the miracles it is said to have wrought, and the priests who have charge of the chapel constantly declare that they have seen it move its head and arms.

The legend says that a merchant returning from Flanders found it when sailing alone in the Bay of Biscay. It was first preserved in the Augustine Monastery and was so much coveted by other monks that twice it was stolen. Each time, however, the image refused to stay in its new home and found its way back unaided to the Augustines. Now the Cristo hangs in a chapel in the Cathedral of Burgos. In former days it was concealed behind three curtains of silk covered with gold and pearl embroideries, which would open slowly and solemnly to the sound of bells on great ceremonies.

The weariness and deathlike appearance of the figure are unutterable. To give an additional touch of realism, the wooden body is covered with human skin, which in the course of centuries has become all cracked and scarred. For a long time this was disbelieved, but a French writer obtained permission to examine the figure closely and confirmed the truth of it. He noticed, too, that on the

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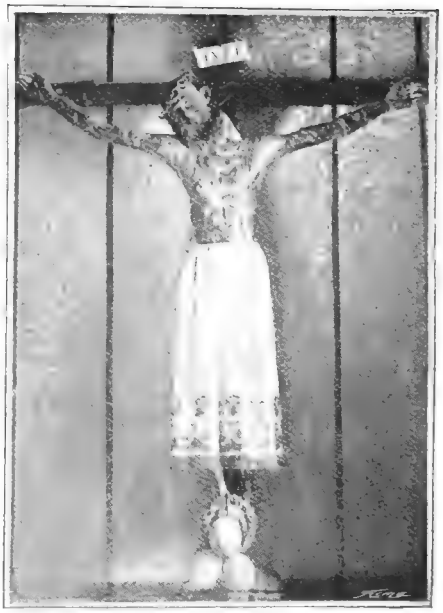
hands and feet the nails are attached to the skin. The head is made of wood, but the hair and beard are real. The people of Burgos say that the hair has not ceased to grow, and moreover declare that the image sweats every Friday. The priests have the greatest objection to the Cristo being photographed and the accompanying picture was only taken with the utmost difficulty.

The last illustration represents the fisherman's Virgin, the miraculous image of Arcachon. To her all the fishermen and oyster-girls of the coast offer up their prayers for well-filled nets and deliverance from tempests. Her chapel does not gleam with jewels and silver lamps, like that of the Atocha or the Bambino. It is a dark, low-roofed little offshoot of a village church, but the fisher folk of Arcachon would not exchange it for any in the world. In some eyes the Madonna may be merely an insipid, ordinary-looking doll, clad in white muslin, with silver hearts both great and small stitched down the front of her dress, but to them she means a very real deliverance from all the dangers of the deep.

Our Lady of Loreto, said to have been carved by Saint Luke in wood of Lebanon.



The Santo Cristo of Burgos. The body is covered with human skin, and the hair and beard are of human hair.

Round the chapel are all sorts of quaint offerings. There are lifebuoys, with inscriptions telling how the giver was saved in answer to his prayers, and how he brought the buoy from the other side of the world to present to Our Lady of Arcachon. There are models of boats, fragments of ships, and here and there an oar with a message telling how, when in peril of death, a sailor called on Mary, Star of the Sea, and clutched the oar which kept him afloat till help came.

The Madonna of Arcachon, the fisherman's Virgin.

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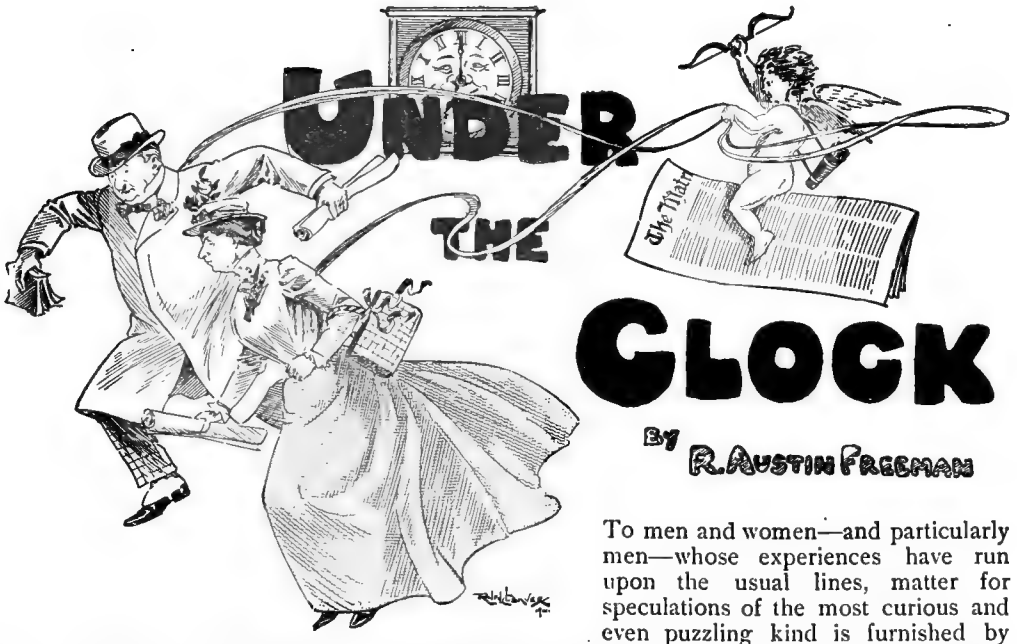

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

To men and women—and particularly men—whose experiences have run upon the usual lines, matter for speculations of the most curious and even puzzling kind is furnished by those periodical publications whose self-imposed function is the promotion of matrimonial engagements. The majority of men, indeed, so far from experiencing any difficulty in attaining to the state of matrimony, have found themselves surrounded by opportunities lavishly in excess of the requirements of any but a dweller in Salt Lake City. To such the perusal of the said publications is a source of wonder, and the occasion of dim surmises that perhaps there exist, unseen and unsuspected, certain human blank cartridges, damp squibs, and unexploded crackers, which, too late, have begun to smoulder and splutter in obscure corners, and yearn for a little belated pyrotechnic display of their own.

To this effect were the meditations of young Dr. Porter, who, with the ink hardly dry upon his new diploma, was taking charge of a suburban practice, while its owner snuffed the sea-breezes on the poppy-sprinkled cliffs of Cromer; for he had just entered the trim sitting-room of Mr. Adolphus Caddle, and had observed upon the breakfast table a copy of the *Matrimonial Bellringer.*

"Well, and how are we to-day, Mr. Caddle?" asked the doctor cheerily, and in his most professional manner. "Picking up a bit, I hope."

"Well, doctor," replied the patient with a complaining wriggle, "I am afraid I can't give a very good account of myself. Ah! my dear sir, we have to pay for our indiscretions."

"We have, indeed," assented the doctor heartily, as he thought of the breach of promise action that loomed faintly but ominously on his own horizon.

"Free living has never agreed with me," pursued Mr. Caddle. "My digestive organs rebel against heavy and luxurious feeding."

Dr. Porter looked at his patient; at his thin pale hair, his faded blue eyes, and his large face, with its complexion as of a boiled custard, on which—as the art-critics would say—a convincing note of colour was struck by a gaily-tinted pimple; and he agreed that the *rôle* of a riotous liver was unsuitable.

"And," continued Mr. Caddle, "I may as well confess that I have exceeded; that I was yesterday so indiscreet as to indulge in a—er—in fact, in a bun. It was a currant bun with a shiny outside—a most unsafe article of food—and although I carefully scraped off the shiny exterior, and endeavoured to pick out the currants, one of them eluded my vigilance, and I inadvertently swallowed it, and if you will believe me, sir, I can feel that currant at this very moment—here——' and the sufferer laid his hand upon his dicky (from behind which there peeped the corner of a flannel chest-protector).

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"Dear, dear! Mr. Caddle," said Dr. Porter, miraculously preserving an unmoved countenance, "we must be more careful. We must not fritter away our health, as so many do, on the pleasures of the table. By the way, how does the new medicine agree with you?"

Mr. Caddle smacked his lips. "I am glad you reminded me of that," he said. "How can I thank you sufficiently for that admirable mixture? There is the advantage of being attended by a young man, fresh from the schools, and primed with all the latest triumphs of medical science. Dear old Dr. Bamber has never prescribed anything that has given me such instant relief. Allow me again to thank you."

"Oh! not at all, but I am glad it suits you," said Dr. Porter, guiltily conscious that he had filled up the bottle by means of a wooden tap from a huge stone jar in the surgery, labelled *Mistura Sacchari Usti Comp.* Then, by way of changing the subject, he remarked:

"I see, Mr. Caddle, that you have been reading the *Matrimonial Bellringer*. What is your opinion of these matrimonial papers? Do you think that any marriages are really brought about by their agency?"

"There is no doubt of it," replied Mr. Caddle in a tone of conviction. "To my certain knowledge there are hundreds of happy and united couples who owe their present blessedness entirely to this very journal," and he tapped the *Bellringer* solemnly with his pudgy fingers.

"It is not every one, of course," continued Mr. Caddle, "who requires such extraneous aids to the attainment of his happiness. Many persons seem to be capable of managing these affairs perfectly well without any assistance whatever."

"Certainly," agreed Dr. Porter, reflecting, as his thoughts reverted to his late landlady's daughter and the impending suit, on the superfluousness of the *Bellringer* in his own case.

"But," pursued Mr. Caddle, "there are others who are not so fortunately constituted; who like—ah, well—like myself, for instance, in the presence of the fair sex, experience a feeling of—er—what shall I say?—of diffidence—shyness—awkwardness, perhaps, and who, therefore, are glad to be able to make the first advances under cover of—er—of entrenchments, as it were."

"Excellent!" commented Dr. Porter. "Excellent! and so I understand that you are really looking out for a matrimonial investment yourself?"

"Well," said Mr. Caddle with a bashful wriggle in his elbow chair, "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you, seeing how friendly we have been together. A man must have someone to whom he can impart a little secret now and again." He arose with a faint blush and, unlocking a small cupboard, drew from it a pile of back numbers of the *Bellringer*.

"Here," he said opening a well-worn copy some three months old, "is the advertisement that first attracted my attention—this one marked with the blue pencil. Perhaps you would like to read it."

Dr. Porter leaned over the paper and read out the marked paragraph.

CHERRY PIE, graceful, plump, *petite*, with lustrous brown eyes and wavy chestnut hair, would like to meet with an eligible bachelor or widower of independent means (age no object) with a view to matrimony. C. P. is amiable, affectionate, and domesticated, is an expert Berlin wool-worker and plays with great skill and feeling upon the glass harmonicon.—Address, *Cherry Pie*, Box No. 220613.

"There," said Mr. Caddle, "I think that sounds rather alluring, doesn't it? The colour, you know, appeals to me, being a fair man. 'Lustrous brown eyes,' eh! 'Brown eye, cherry pie.' He! he! What do you think of it, doctor?"

"Oh, very nice, indeed," commenced Dr. Porter huskily. "By the way, what a remarkable engraving that is," and darting across the room he flattened his nose against the work of art in question (regardless of good old Sir Joshua's admonition that 'pictures are not intended to be smelled') while his back, presented to Mr. Caddle, heaved tremulously as though he were shaken by some strong emotion.

"Yes," pursued the unconscious Caddle, "I was taken with that description directly I saw it, so I ventured to send a little reply—a very cautious and discreet one, I am sure you will admit. Here it is, if you would just run your eye over it."

Dr. Porter, returning reluctantly from the engraving, took up the paper and read:

ADOLPHUS, a bachelor of middle age, with an independent income of £500 per annum, fair, plump, amiable, and domesticated, has seen Cherry Pie's advertisement, and thinking that he might prove suitable to her requirements, would like further details as to age, etc.—Address Box No. 312403.

"What do you think of *that?*" inquired Mr. Caddle triumphantly. "Pretty discreet and cautious, I think, don't you?"

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"Most diplomatic," responded the doctor.

"Well, since then we've corresponded a good deal—in the same way, of course—no letters—no, no—no letters; but I needn't trouble you with all the details. I'll just come to the matter in hand, on which I should like to have your opinion. You see, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to get a peep at the lady, so that I may know if she is all that my imagination has painted her. So to that end I have devised a little scheme—a very neat little scheme, I think—but you shall judge for yourself. Read that."

Dr. Porter read out another blue-pencilled advertisement:

CHERRY PIE will be pleased to afford Adolphus an opportunity of seeing her in any public place (as a railway station, for example), the place and time to be fixed by him. In order that he may recognise her without difficulty she will wear a straw hat with two roses in it, one red and one white, a pink blouse with a bunch of lilies of the valley at the throat and a grey skirt. She will carry on her left arm a small basket tied with blue ribbons and in her right hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman* rolled up.

"Now," said Mr. Caddle, taking a sheet of writing-paper from the cupboard, "this is my reply:"

ADOLPHUS will be happy to meet C. P. on Saturday, April 1st, at Victoria Station, just under the clock. He will wear a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, a light covert coat, white spats and patent boots. He will carry in his left hand a roll of white paper, and in his right hand a copy of "Bradshaw's Guide," and will wear in his buttonhole a small bunch of pink geraniums. He will arrive at 7 p.m. precisely.

As Dr. Porter put down the paper Mr. Caddle smiled nervously. "How do you think it goes?" he asked.

"Merrily as a wedding-bell," replied the doctor, smiling rather more broadly in return. "But, by Jove! is your clock right? I must be off or I shall never get my round finished to-day," and with a hasty adieu he darted down the stairs and was gone.

As the long hand of the clock in Victoria Station crept on to the third minute before the hour of seven on the evening of Saturday, April 1st, there emerged on to the platform from the main entrance a short, stout gentleman, in whose demeanour there were evident signs of great nervous excitement and trepidation. It was Mr. Caddle; and true to his promise he wore a light covert coat, a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, white spats and patent boots. In his left hand was a voluminous roll of white paper, while in his right was a yellow-covered Bradshaw, and the button-hole of his coat was gay with a bunch of pink geraniums. There was no mistaking Mr. Caddle.

With a quick agitated step he hopped out on to the platform and looked about; then heaved a deep sigh of relief. She had not come yet.

Mr. Caddle walked slowly across the platform and taking up a position directly under the clock began to examine with a great show of attention one of the time-tables on the wall, drawing his finger down the columns of names and figures, which were as intelligible to him just then as the hieroglyphics on the outside of a tea-chest.

He had stood there about a minute when he gave a sudden start and a thrill of terror ran through his little body, for out of the tail of his eye he had seen a lady emerge from

Dr. Porter leaned over the paper, and read out the marked paragraph.

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a side entry and stand looking up the platform.

"'Tis she," exclaimed Mr. Caddle—"and yet—" Yes, there was the pink blouse, the straw hat, in which nestled the roses of York and Lancaster, there were the lilies-of-the-valley, and the grey skirt, and the little basket with the blue ribbons, and there was the *Gentlewoman* rolled up in her right hand. Yes! it was she—and yet—"and yet," muttered Mr. Caddle, "she said distinctly 'plump and *petite*'" whereas the newcomer was undeniably a tall, gaunt woman, and was moreover as dark as a Spanish gipsy.

"It's very strange," said Mr. Caddle as he regarded the lady out of the corner of his eye and quaked like an ill-made blanc-mange upon a rickety table. "I really don't quite understand it."

At this moment the apparition suddenly vanished, apparently into the booking-office, leaving Mr. Caddle to his cogitations.

"She certainly said plump and *petite*," he mused. "Why, she seemed quite tall and—and—Ha!" The charmer had re-appeared. Yes! there she was, straw hat, roses, pink blouse, basket, *Gentlewoman*—there could be no mistake—but—

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Mr. Caddle. "It must have been an optical illusion. I could have sworn she was tall and dark, and thin. But she isn't, that's certain." She certainly was not. Plump and *petite*, if you like—or short and fat, to be more literal, and with the straw hat perched upon an immense mop of light yellow hair.

"It's hardly what I should call chestnut hair," said Mr. Caddle regarding the mop doubtfully, "yet I am sure she said chestnut—but perhaps she was thinking of the inside of the nut." Even as he gazed at her, this luminary underwent a second eclipse, disappearing again into the booking-office, while Mr. Caddle was left staring uneasily at the time-table, his still-extended finger jigging up and down in his agitation like the indicator of a steam gauge.

"My eyes must have deceived me," he reflected; "clearly they have deceived me. It was the distance, no doubt. I suppose I had better stroll along that way and have a look at her a little nearer."

He stepped back to move away, and as the heel of his patent boot encountered something soft, he became aware that he had set it upon somebody's toe.

The owner of the toe furnished verbal information to the same effect.

"Oh! I *beg* your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Caddle. "I am *so* sorry. I hope I haven't—ah!—o-ho!"

As he turned Mr. Caddle found himself confronted by a gentleman—there was nothing very surprising in that. But his hat! it was of grey felt! his coat was a light covert coat; he wore a green silk necktie; a bunch of pink geraniums was in his button-hole and he carried in one hand a roll of white paper and in the other a copy of Bradshaw.

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Caddle as he turned hastily away, "what a very surprising coincidence! and how very inconvenient!"

He walked quickly across the station towards the side entrance and was just abreast of the booking-office when there stepped briskly out of the doorway a gentleman whose appearance filled the unfortunate Caddle with confusion and dismay; for he was attired in a light covert coat, a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, white spats and patent boots; wore a bunch of pink geraniums in his button-hole and carried a roll of white paper and a copy of Bradshaw in his hands.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Mr. Caddle, "I seem to have made a most unfortunate choice in my get up; why, instead of being a unique and remarkable figure, I seem to be dressed exactly like everybody else."

His meditations on this subject were at this point cut short by the sudden emergence from the booking-office of a large, massive, blonde lady, followed at a few paces distance by another lady who, on the contrary, was dark, spare, and diminutive. Dissimilar, however, as the two women were in some respects, they both wore straw hats with roses, pink blouses, with lilies-of-the-valley, grey skirts, and they both carried in one hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman*, and on the other arm a basket tied with blue ribbons.

In the bewilderment and dismay which this meeting produced, Mr. Caddle hurried towards the side exit in order that, in its comparative obscurity and seclusion, he might reflect upon these remarkable occurrences. But as he stepped into the entry, among the passengers who were thronging towards the platform he distinguished at least half-a-dozen persons of both sexes whose exterior presented the now too familiar characteristics.

From the shelter of the entry the bewildered Caddle looked out on to the platform at the Adolphuses and Cherry Pies with increasing

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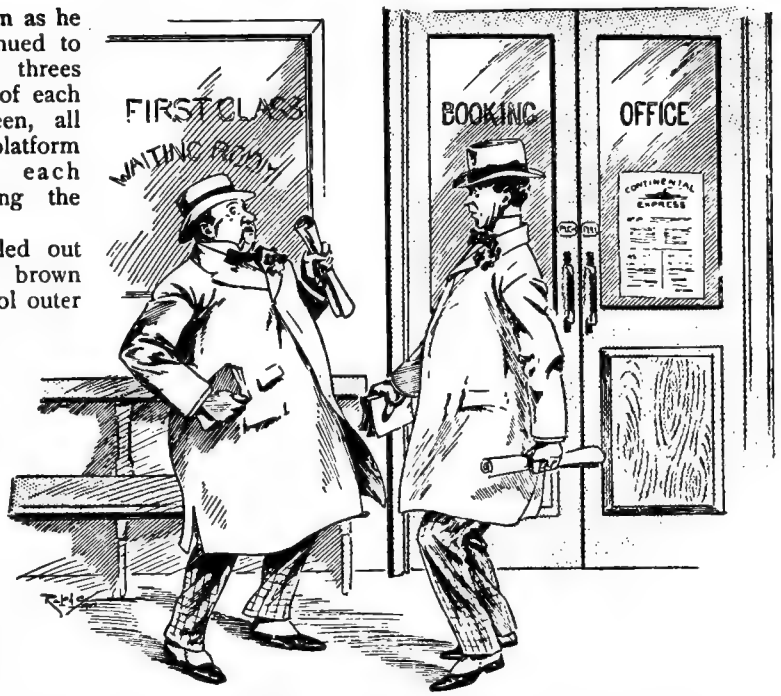
amazement; for even as he watched they continued to arrive in twos and threes until fully a score of each sex were to be seen, all perambulating the platform sentry-wise, and each anxiously scrutinising the others.

Mr. Caddle strolled out of the station in a brown study, that in the cool outer air he might duly consider this astounding phenomenon. And as he meditated upon it a light suddenly broke upon his mind and illuminated its dense obscurity.

"Of course," he exclaimed, "I see how it is. Our advertisements have been read by others, and envious impostors have come here personating me in the hope of snatching the prize from my grasp. Ah! but there are the women! why, yes! they too have seen the advertisements and have come to try and capture the desirable Adophus." Here Mr. Caddle smiled complacently and tried to get a view of his reflection in the window of a cab that was drawn up outside the station.



"Oh! I *beg* your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Caddle. "I am *so* sorry. I hope I haven't—ah!—o-ho!"

Comforted and encouraged by the conclusion at which he had arrived he resolved to make a final effort to single out the beauteous, the amiable and domesticated Cherry Pie from the crowd of impostors, and to this end retraced his steps and re-entered the station.

During his absence the throng had materially increased and the number of persons parading under the clock in the regulation costume certainly made his task a somewhat difficult one.

"I will be wary," said Mr. Caddle, "wary and watchful."

To give more effect to his wariness he approached the bookstall and began turning over the leaves of some magazines, but he had barely taken up his position when a lanky rawboned woman of fifty, with shoulders like a Burgundy bottle, and attired in the fatal garb edged up alongside, and bestowed upon him a leer that froze the very marrow in his bones. With a gasp of horror he sidled away to the right, but the lady, edging along rapidly, craned her neck towards him and whispered hoarsely in his ear:—

"*Be virtuous and you will be happy!*"

At this the amazed and appalled Caddle backed away with such ill-considered haste that he came plump into the arms of a female behind him.

"Awfully sorry!" he gurgled, whisking round like a teetotum to find himself confronted by a buxom elderly woman in the everlasting uniform. "Awfully sorry! afraid I —er——"

"Not at all," said the lady, smiling benevolently, "by no means—a—*be virtuous and you will be*——"

But Mr. Caddle was off like a startled rabbit and plunging into the throng, strode up the platform.

Suddenly he felt a hand gently laid upon his arm, and turning abruptly beheld a small comely woman with soft wavy hair who was regarding him with a pair of sparkling roguish eyes of the clearest brown that he had ever seen.

"At last," he ejaculated. "This must be

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"Be virtuous, and you will be happy."

really she—ah—did you—er—wish to speak to me?"

"If you please," replied the charmer shyly.

"Shall we walk about as we converse?" suggested Caddle.

"Perhaps it *would* be better."

They walked on side by side for a few paces, Mr. Caddle stealing now and again a timid but complacent glance at his fair companion.

Presently he remarked, bending his head down towards her—he had not to bend far—"You were going to say something to me?"

"Yes, but let me whisper it."

Mr. Caddle inclined his ear towards her and received into it a soft murmur:

"*Be virtuous, and you will be happy!*"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Caddle in a state of positive stupefaction. "Am I going mad or is the place bewitched?"

He broke away from his companion, and betaking himself to the shelter of the main entry, mopped his face with his handkerchief while he endeavoured to frame some rational explanation of these strange portents. His mind, however, was quite incapable of being brought to a focus on the subject, and his attention wandered fitfully from one subject to another until it was presently attracted by a group of three persons who stood not far from him and seemed to be furtively observing him. The group consisted of two elderly ladies and a little bird-like old gentleman, and as Caddle was uneasily preparing to move away, the latter separated himself from his companions and advanced smiling and raising his hat.

"Can you very kindly inform me," he began in bland and persuasive accents, "what is the name of this institution?" He waved his arm around vaguely as he spoke.

"This," replied Caddle, gazing round the crowded interior, "is Victoria Station."

"I know, I know," said the old gentleman, "but I was referring to these ladies and gentlemen who are attired in this very becoming uniform."

"I know no more than yourself who they are," returned Caddle huffily, and retired further up the entry.

After a while he cautiously emerged from his retreat and surveyed the scene before him.

To his reeling senses the entire station appeared to be filled with a surging multitude of men and women attired in the uniform of the *Bellringer's* advertisement, and all restlessly wandering to and fro and peering into one another's faces. And even in his bewildered state he could not help noticing one very odd feature in their behaviour, which was that now and again one of the ladies would approach one of the gentlemen and eagerly whisper something in his ear, upon which the gentleman would hurriedly make off with an appearance of discomfiture and alarm.

Even as he stared blankly, like one newly awakened, at this astonishing spectacle, he became aware of a red-faced, dark-haired

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woman who was bearing down on him with an evident purpose; whereupon, dropping the roll of paper and flinging away the "Bradshaw," he incontinently fled down the passage and in a few moments was speeding westward in a swift hansom.

Scarcely had Mr. Caddle made his escape from the station when the door of the luggage-office was cautiously opened and a head was thrust forth, to be shortly followed by the remainder of the person to whom it belonged. This person, who was in fact none other than Dr. Porter, stood at the door of the office gazing up the platform with twitching lips, holding one hand to his side as though suffering from some internal pain, while with the other hand he wiped his eyes at intervals.

He had stood thus a minute or more when one of the uniformed ladies sidled up to him with a bashful simper and began to mumble in a low voice. For a few moments he gazed at the woman in silence; then cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, dived down the entry, and vanished into the night.

The events of that evening have always remained to Mr. Caddle a source of unmixed wonder and a matter for much profound cogitation.

Perhaps had he witnessed Dr. Porter's proceedings on that occasion, some glimmer of light might have been shed on the mystery; while a pretty complete understanding of its causes would have been obtained if his attention had happened to be directed to two advertisements which appeared on March 29th in the *Daily Advertiser* and the *London Chronicle* respectively, the substance of which, for the reader's enlightenment, we reproduce.

I A lady who picked up at the corner of Villiers Street a gentleman's gold repeater with gold chain attached on March 24th, is desirous of returning it to its owner. For this purpose she proposes to be at Victoria Station on 1st April at 7 p.m. immediately under the clock. To facilitate mutual recognition she will wear a straw hat with two roses in it, one red and one white, a pink blouse with a bunch of lilies of the valley at the throat, and a grey skirt. She will carry on her left arm a small basket tied with blue ribbons and in her right hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman* rolled up. She suggests that the owner might wear a grey felt hat, a green silk necktie, a light covert coat, white spats and patent boots. He might carry in his left hand a roll of white paper and in his right a copy of Bradshaw's Guide and in his button-hole a bunch of pink geraniums. On recognising advertiser he is to approach slowly and exclaim in a low voice "*Beware the Ides of March.*"

II. A gentleman who found on a seat on the Victoria Embankment on March 25th a lady's purse containing six five-pound notes and four pounds in gold, is anxious to restore it to its owner. To this end he will attend at Victoria Station on April 1st at 7 p.m. when he will take up his position just under the clock. He may be recognised by the circumstance that he will wear a grey felt hat, a light covert coat, a green necktie, patent boots and white spats. He will carry in his left hand a roll of white paper and in his right a copy of "Bradshaw's Guide" and will wear in his button-hole a bunch of pink geraniums. He suggests that recognition would be more easy if the owner of the purse would wear a straw hat with two roses in it, one white and one red, a pink blouse with a bunch of lilies of the valley at the throat, and a grey skirt, and would carry on her left arm a basket tied with blue ribbons and in her right hand a copy of the *Gentlewoman* rolled up. On recognising advertiser she should approach slowly and exclaim in a low voice, "*Be virtuous and you will be happy!*"

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The Wizard Exposed.

These two photographs illustrate the trick in which a piece of paper is torn up and then apparently produced again intact.

The Great Illusionist Houdini Shows how some of his Simpler Tricks are Done.

By H. L. Adam.

Illustrated with Photographs.

The explanation is that there are two pieces of paper. When the first piece has been torn up, it is hidden in one sleeve, while the other piece is extracted from the other sleeve where it has been previously hidden.

We live in an enlightened age—an age in which to see is not to believe. It is the age of the youthful cynic, "old" at thirty. At one time—not very long ago—we live at such a rapid rate—the gentleman who, with deft hands and capacious mouth, appeared to pass an orange in a flash through his mouth and out at the heel of his boot, was looked upon with awe, and regarded as a power in the land.

Not so now; we only tolerate him, "for the sake of the little ones." Quite a lot of people fondly and proudly imagine that they know exactly how most of his tricks are done, but in order not to spoil the game they do not make this knowledge public property.

One of the funniest explanations of a conjurer's dexterity I ever heard was that where the palming of a playing card was attributed to the aid of a *false skin* on the hand! And the individual who volunteered the opinion was most dogmatic in laying it down, and would allow of no contradiction.

In the present article I propose to lay bare the secrets of several successful tricks and illusions, which have stood the test of time, and have taken in many credulous audiences. For so doing I expect to receive the execrations of a certain interested section of the community, who appear to imagine that a simple written explanation of a trick is synonymous with enabling the humblest of His Majesty's subjects to perform it with facility. Well, let the most astute try the simplest of them, and may I be present to witness the attempt.

As I am not myself a conjurer, let me explain at once that my information I obtained from Mr. Houdini, who in fact first "took me in," and then "showed me round"—in other words, supplemented each trick with an explanation. These explanations I now present to you, in narrative and picture.

Mr. Houdini is now well known as the "Handcuff King," but before he went into handcuffs he was a skilful conjurer in America, and the explanations here given may be relied upon as being thoroughly genuine.

A trick that requires no apparatus, but considerable dexterity in digital manipulation is

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the following: It is to tear a piece of paper into small fragments, and then restore it again. Probably a great many of my readers have seen this performed by one or more of our professional conjurers.

A piece of paper is taken in the fingers, and very deliberately and completely torn up, screwed up and palmed. It then again mysteriously reappears between the fingers, intact. There are really *two* pieces of paper, one rolled up and concealed in a fold of the performer's coat-sleeve. After the conjurer has torn up one piece, and made it disappear, he crosses his arms, and in the usual manner, proceeds to pull up his sleeves to prove that nothing is concealed beneath them. In so doing he simultaneously removes the paper that is intact from one sleeve, and conceals the torn paper in the folds of the other.

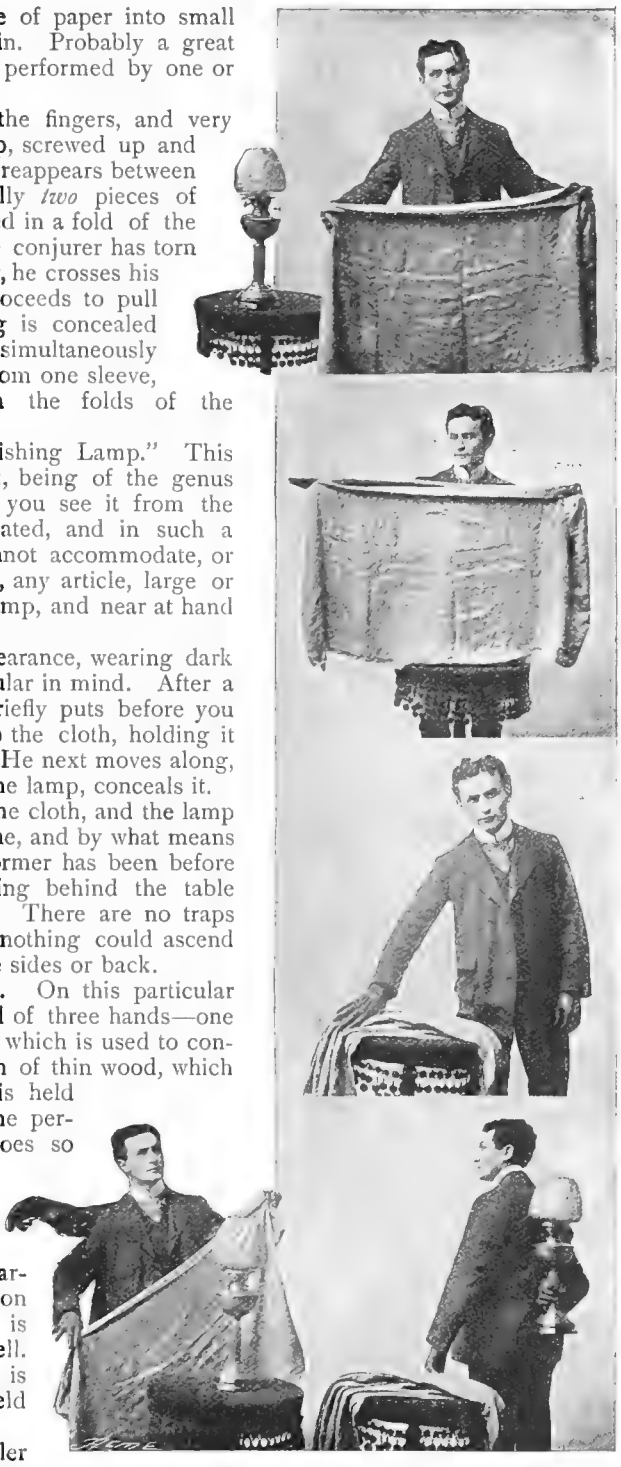
Second on the list is the "Vanishing Lamp." This is a very clever and effective trick, being of the genus "Vanishing Lady." This is how you see it from the front: A small wooden table, isolated, and in such a position that it is quite clear it cannot accommodate, or contribute to the disappearance of, any article, large or small. On this is a rather heavy lamp, and near at hand is a fancy table cloth.

The performer makes his appearance, wearing dark kid gloves. Please bear this particular in mind. After a preliminary speech, in which he briefly puts before you what he proposes to do, he takes up the cloth, holding it at both ends and at arm's length. He next moves along, and, bringing the cloth in front of the lamp, conceals it.

After a brief pause, he lowers the cloth, and the lamp has disappeared! Where has it gone, and by what means has it been removed? The performer has been before your eyes the whole time, standing behind the table holding the cloth up at both ends. There are no traps and the table is quite bare below; nothing could ascend without being seen, nor leave by the sides or back.

The explanation is very simple. On this particular occasion the performer is possessed of three hands—one of which is a *dummy*. The cloth which is used to conceal the lamp is fitted with a length of thin wood, which makes one edge of it—that which is held above the lamp—rigid. When the performer picks up the cloth, he does so with his genuine left hand, and his dummy right, thus leaving his genuine right—which is concealed beneath his coat—at liberty. The mechanism of the dummy is so arranged that the arm works in unison with the left, and when the latter is raised it raises the dummy as well. Directly the lamp is concealed, it is removed by the right arm and held behind the back.

A very effective, but much simpler trick is that where water is turned to wine, and back again to water. This,



The Vanishing Lamp. One of the arms that holds the tablecloth is a dummy. The second real arm removes the lamp from the table and conceals it behind the back.

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Mr. Houdini informed me, was one of his favourite tricks in America, and one which never failed to elicit plenty of enthusiastic

How water is turned into wine. The jug and the four glasses apparently contain nothing but water.

applause. The hearts of the audience always seemed to warm to him at this. He used to introduce the trick in a rather interesting form, preceding it with a hypothetical narrative.

In certain parts of America there are what are called "prohibited towns," where intoxicating fluids are not allowed to be sold. Thus the performer would relate how while a certain caterer in one of those towns was entertaining some friends on the quiet, and serving them with wine, he received an unexpected visit from the inspectors, and how, while the latter were knocking at the door, the caterer dexterously transformed the wine to water.

This is the trick. On a table are four glass tumblers, and one glass jug. The former are all full of plain water, having no trace or suspicion of being in any way adulterated. From the jug the four tumblers have apparently been filled. Then, says the performer, we will vary the monotony of things by having wine in two of the tumblers, and he proceeds to empty back into the jug the contents of two of the glasses. Immediately the water in the jug becomes dark, and is passed out again into the two glasses. Finally the Professor prefers all water, and by emptying the contents of all the tumblers into the jug, the water becomes clear again.

Yet when two glasses are poured back into the jug the water becomes red, and the two glasses can be filled with a liquid that looks like wine.

It is very mystifying to all except, probably, the man with a knowledge of chemicals. Therein lies the explanation. Although the water has the appearance of being unadulterated, it has been previously "doctored," as have also some of the glasses. Into the jug is introduced a pinch of tannic acid; into two of the glasses one drop of tincture of iron, and into a third a pinch of oxalic acid. The iron coming in contact with the tannic acid turns the water dark, and the oxalic acid turns it clear again. The performer should be careful to keep the glass containing the oxalic acid till the last.

Very neat is the "Handkerchief and Card" trick. The performer takes a pack of cards and invites a member of his audience to select a card, carefully noting its denomination, and then return it to the pack. The latter is then folded in a silk handkerchief, and the performer, holding the corners of it, gently shakes out the chosen card. The card appears to come *through* the handkerchief.

When the selected card is returned to the pack, it is promptly palmed, and instead of being inside the handkerchief, is lying flat against the outside, and kept in position by the peculiar folding of the handkerchief. By shaking the latter the card is gradually released and works slowly down till it falls to the floor. Of course, everything depends, in the first place, on the palming.

Here all the water has been turned to wine. This trick is accomplished by a few drops of various chemicals being previously mixed with the water. A full explanation is found in the article.

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Another "conversion" trick is that of turning bran into sugar. There is little or no palming needed for this, success depending largely upon manipulation of apparatus.

Into a box of bran the performer plunges a glass tumbler, filling it with the substance. After placing the glass on the table, he covers it with a brass extinguisher. He then removes the latter, and in the glass is sugar instead of bran.

The deception lies in the fact that the glass was not filled with bran at all, but contained a metal contrivance, made to exactly fit the glass, and on the outside of which is an adhesive layer of bran—a trick extensively adopted in dressing shop windows. The dummy bran, so to speak, is concealed in the box, which really contains sugar, and is thrust into the glass. When the brass extinguisher is placed over the glass it grips the top of the dummy bran, which comes away with it, leaving the sugar in the glass.

Of hat tricks there seems to be no end. Almost every conceivable small article has at some time or other been passed through a hat without injury to it. It is, however, somewhat dangerous for amateurs to attempt this kind of trick, where borrowed property plays an important part. I knew a young gentleman who essayed to make an omelet in a hat belonging to another man, and did actually succeed, thereby incurring the unrestrained wrath of the owner of the article.

How bran is turned into sugar. Into the glass is thrust a metal case covered with bran.

The glass is filled with sugar from a box supposed to contain bran.

The "extinguisher" is then placed over the glass.

The "extinguisher" grips the top of the metal case, and when lifted, lifts that off also, exposing the glass full of sugar.

I will now show how easily a large die may be passed through one hat to another, without injury to either. One hat is placed above another, rim to rim. The performer, standing behind them, holds a large die in one hand, and a magic wand in the other. With the latter he taps the side of the die, which sounds solid. He then places the die on the top hat, and covers it with a hollow cardboard arrangement, which just fits over it, utters a few unintelligible magic words, lifts the extinguisher, and the die is gone. Raising the top hat, the die is seen to be in the lower one.

This trick is very puzzling, and will baffle the reasoning powers of any number of people who seek for an elaborate solution, from the very simplicity of its nature. The extinguisher contains a second hollow die, minus one side, which fits flush inside. When this is placed over the genuine die, the performer removes the whole apparatus for a few seconds, while he makes a show of minutely

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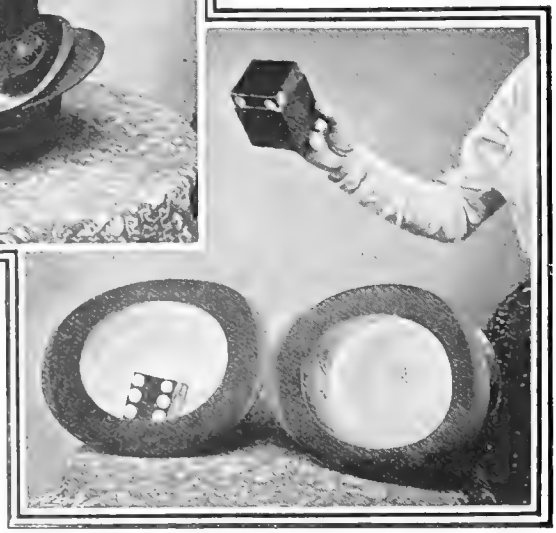
How a solid die can be passed through one hat into another. The die is first placed on the top hat.

It is then covered with an "extinguisher," which contains a hollow die.



The whole apparatus is removed from the hat for a second, and by sleight of hand the die is transferred to the lower hat. The hollow die is mistaken by the spectators for the original solid one, which is then shown by the conjuror in the lower hat.

quarters you can perceive the mechanism. The portable pips fit flush with those printed on the card, and are connected by means of a very fine line, no thicker than the string of a violin bow. At a short distance this line is quite invisible. At the top, or the side—according to the change to be made—is a small metal lever, which, when the card is held in the hand, is hidden by a finger—the finger which works the change. Thus the conjurer displays, say, the five of spades, and requests his audience to note carefully the value of the card in his hand. He then gives it a flourish, and again displays it, when two additional pips have appeared. Another flourish, and the pips are five again. And so on, increasing or decreasing the value at will. Very mystifying, but, oh, so simple!

And now I wonder how many Maskelynes, Devants, Le Roys, and Houdinis will result from the publication of this article? I desire to express my thanks to Messrs. G. Ornum & Co., Duke Street, Charing Cross, for their kindness in lending apparatus for the illustration of this article.

I have no doubt that very many will try their hands at these tricks; but I venture to prophesy that few will have the patience to practise them sufficiently to make it really worth while to watch their performances.

explaining where it is proposed the die should be found. In so doing he slightly raises the top hat, at the same time palming the genuine die and depositing it in the lower hat. He then apparently returns the die to the top of the hat, and in order to convince you that it is still there he slightly raises the cover displaying a portion of, not as you suppose the solid die, but the hollow dummy inside. He then closes down the cover again, and the rest is simple. He shows the die in the hat, the empty interior of the cover, completing the deception.

Some very good tricks are performed with specially manufactured playing-cards, which are furnished with moveable pips. By this means the face value of a card can be altered by the imperceptible movement of a single finger. You may convert a ten of spades into an eight, a five into a seven.

These cards are very skilfully made, and it is only by looking at them at very close

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Photo by J. H. Biddell.

These six bullocks were struck dead by one flash of lightning while taking shelter under a tree during a thunderstorm.

WHEN CLOUDS COLLIDE.

By W. J. S. Lockyer.

No one in this country can profess entire ignorance on the subject of thunderstorms. Nevertheless, it is true that in spite of the various scientific explanations of their origin which many people have read, and a few have even professed to understand, a certain amount of mystery still surrounds the subject. For the knowledge of the man in the street (who is generally a very unscientific person) is chiefly confined to the results rather than the causes of a thunderstorm.

At the same time, most people have a more or less coherent idea as to the origin of a thunderstorm and the nature of lightning. It is with the latter subject that this article is more particularly concerned, though we will make it our honest endeavour to combine as much interesting information with as little science as possible

Photo by Dr. H. H. Hoffert.

A triple flash of lightning, taken with a moving camera to make each flash appear distinct from the others.

The chief reason why lightning has always been more or less of a difficulty to those who desired to study it, is the extreme rapidity with which a flash comes and goes. It has been estimated that most flashes only last

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Photo by R. L. Bartlett.

Some of the boots of five children who were struck by lightning while in church.

for the thousandth part of a second, and that the longest flashes probably do not last more than half a second.

Nevertheless, in spite of this difficulty, there are many facts about lightning which, though not generally known, could be investigated by anyone who took the trouble to watch carefully the flashes during a couple of thunderstorms.

Lightning appears in no fewer than six distinct forms, some of which cannot at first be easily distinguished from others to which they are closely allied.

The first variety might almost be described as the elementary form of lightning. It is known as "stream" lightning, and it pursues an almost direct course, and only in rare cases breaks into what are technically known as ramifications.

The next variety, sinuous lightning, differs in two ways from the first; its course is very wavy in outline, and it sometimes has ramifications, though these are, as a rule, small and not numerous.

"Ramified" lightning, on the other hand, as its name implies, has many of these branches; it is perhaps the most frequent of all the forms, especially when the storm is severe and immediately overhead.

The fourth type is known variously, as "meandering," "summer," and "sheet" lightning, and is very often seen in a succession of feeble discharges on a summer evening.

The last two varieties are the rarest; in "beaded" or "chapletted" lightning, the flash is broken up all along its length into small pieces. "Ribbon" lightning has a very broad flash, the edges of which are often more luminous than the centre.

Beside these varieties of lightning there is also another form which electricity takes in a thunderstorm. It is known as "globular" or "thunderbolt" lightning, and was for a long time regarded as a sort of electrical sea-serpent, which was heard of, but never seen. But a good many appearances have been chronicled during the last few years, so that it seems certain that it is an authentic, if somewhat rare, phenomenon.

This "globular" lightning takes the form of a ball of fire of varying size. It moves quite slowly and can easily be followed in its motions by the eye. This peculiarity is illustrated by the following story told by an inhabitant of Leith. He relates that while taking his dinner one stormy day, he heard an extremely loud thunderclap, and at the same time the chimney-board fell and a globe of fire, as large as a cocoanut, entered the room and hovered around, a short distance from the floor. It suddenly swerved upwards, and by means of a cavity above the mantelpiece entered the flue. A few seconds later there was a loud explosion, and the part of the chimney projecting above

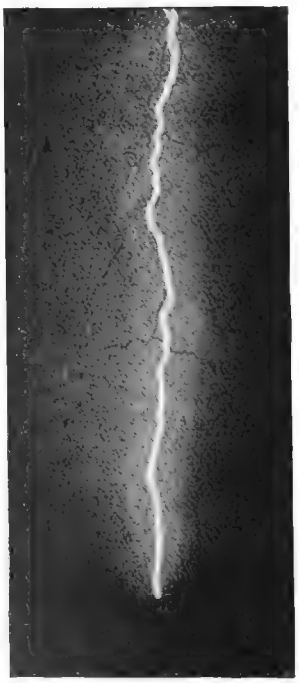

Photo by Mr. McAdie.

A flash of stream lightning with dark ramifications.

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the roof was scattered in all directions.

As was remarked before, the greatest difficulty to be overcome in studying lightning flashes is due to the small time that a flash lasts. In addition to this, the light is so dazzling that the retina of the human eye cannot accurately record what takes place.

This difficulty has been overcome, however, by the use of the camera. For though the eye may be dazzled, the camera inexorably records what takes place before it. It might be thought that photographing lightning would be a matter requiring great skill on the part of the manipulator of the camera.

Photo by Frith & Co.

An oak tree shattered by lightning.

By day, this would be so to a great extent, for then an instantaneous shutter would have to be used. But at night with a little care, after one or two trials, excellent results would probably be obtained by anyone with a knowledge of photography. All that is necessary is to choose some sheltered position when a thunderstorm is commencing, and focus the camera on some fairly distant object in the direction from which the lightning flashes appear most frequently. The plate can then be exposed till a flash comes, or if it be desired to obtain several flashes on the same plate, it can be left exposed till the required number have appeared.

That this method can be successfully employed, the photographs of lightning flashes which we reproduce in these pages afford abundant evidence.

A remarkable fact about lightning is the so-called dark flash, which is often seen by the eye immediately after the bright flash. But even more remarkable is the fact that this dark flash is also recorded by the sensitised plates of the camera. In the same way, if a photograph be taken of an ordinary electric spark, a corresponding dark image is also recorded.

In the case of the eye, it seems fairly obvious that it is produced by the dazzling brightness of the first flash. With the camera it is not so easy to explain the cause of the appearance, for the camera certainly does not often mislead us. Probably it is due to some peculiarity which the sensitised plate of the camera possesses in common with the retina of the human eye: an explanation which, though vague, seems the best that can be suggested.

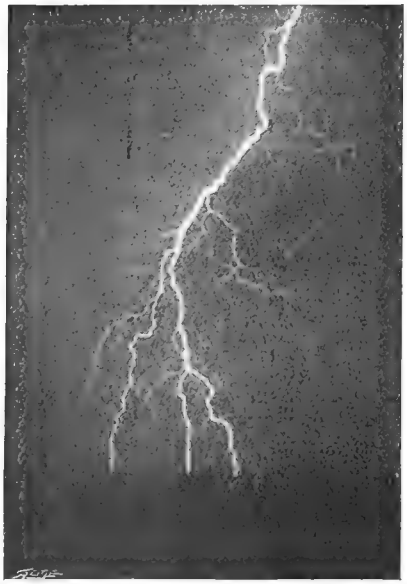

Photo by M. E. Forestier.

Ramified lightning as photographed at Paris. The commonest form of lightning when the storm is severe and nearly overhead.

The last of the six types of lightning—the ribbon type—is perhaps the rarest of all, but sometimes when two or three flashes of stream or sinuous lightning follow very closely on one another, this multiple flash (as it is then called) can easily be mistaken for a single flash of the ribbon type.

Here, again, the aid of the camera is indispensable. But in order that the difference between a "ribbon" flash and a multiple flash may be clearly shown, it is necessary that the camera

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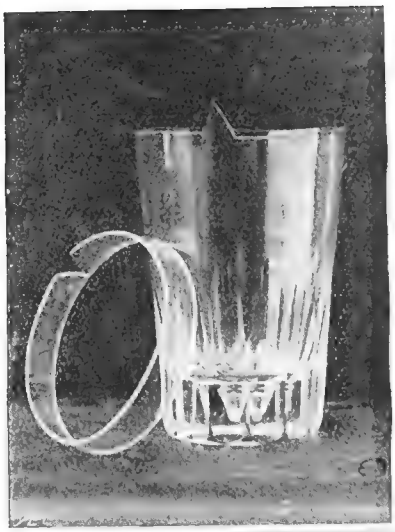

Photo by A. Dixon.

Strange freak of a lightning flash. The glass was cut round as if by a diamond, leaving a single jagged point.

should be kept in constant motion. The result of this is that if the flash be of the "ribbon" type, the photograph would be practically instantaneous; if, on the other hand, there were several flashes, however little time might elapse between them, the camera would have had time to move slightly, and the flashes would accordingly appear on different parts of the plate.

To obtain a photograph of this description much patience is often needed, as a multiple flash might not come within the range of the camera for a very long time. We reproduce on page 257 a remarkably successful photograph obtained in this way in which the separate flashes appear very distinctly. To obtain it, the camera was kept constantly swinging by a mechanical arrangement.

Besides, lightning itself as a subject for the camera, very curious pictures can often be obtained of objects struck by lightning, as will be seen from the photographs we reproduce.

One of these is a boot belonging to a man named Hutchings, of Chagford, Dartmoor. The large nails are supposed to have acted as a conductor, and such was the force of the shock that the heavy boot was found forty-five feet away from the body of the unfortunate man.

Since the introduction of wire fencing, lightning has played great havoc among cattle. Not infrequently we see several cows lying along a fence; and if the fence be struck by lightning, probably every one is killed. A case is on record in Scotland where no fewer than eighteen cows were killed at once in this manner. On another occasion, six bullocks had taken shelter under a tree during a thunderstorm; they were struck by lightning and all killed, though the tree was not even touched.

Trees, too, form a great attraction for lightning, some sorts being especially susceptible to its attentions. The oak, for instance, is probably more often struck than any other sort of tree, and often the results are very strange, the tree being sometimes almost knocked into splinters.

It is a curious fact that a dead tree is hardly, if ever, struck by lightning. An explanation which has been suggested, and is at least possible is the following: A tree, when living, is full of sap, and it is this sap which causes the damage, the action of the lightning being to convert it very quickly into vapour. The idea is that the expansion is so rapid that there is an explosion, which strips off the bark and generally wrecks

Photo by Fred Kitto.

Boot belonging to a man who was killed by lightning. His other boot was uninjured.

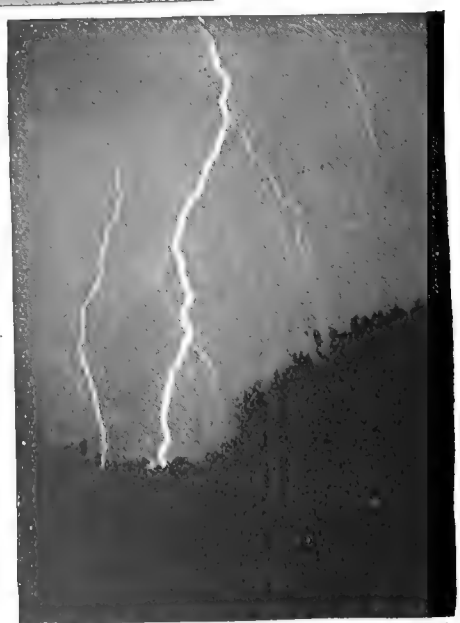

Photo by Rev. G. Bastoul.

Stream lightning. This form of lightning has ramincations very rarely.

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the tree. In the case of a dead tree, besides the fact that the attraction would be less than in the case of a living tree, there would be no sap, and the electricity would simply be conducted to the earth down the tree. This may or may not be the correct solution of the puzzle; at any rate, it is a possible one.

Amongst the many extraordinary effects of lightning, has been alleged its power to imprint the likeness of one object upon another. People who have been struck are said to have had the exact pictures of trees limned by the lightning upon their bodies. Such alleged instances are, however, regarded as exaggerations by scientific men.

Photo by W. T. D. Jacob.

Meandering lightning, photographed at Madras. This form of lightning seems to wander about as if uncertain which direction to take.

There is, however, a well-authenticated case of a boy who was marked in a curious manner. He complained of a burning sensation in the arms, and it was found that the left arm from the elbow to the shoulder had arborescent markings like the fronds of a fern or of a yew-tree. In the course of some hours the markings faded away. It is, however, unwarrantable to suppose that this incident furnishes any evidence of the photographic action of lightning, though, like much else connected with the subject, it is not easy of explanation. The only thing that can be said is that sometimes the current manifests itself in ramified markings.

Lightning, like the proverbial ill-wind, sometimes brings good. One of the pinnacles of Totnes Church in falling made a huge rent in the masonry, exposing to view a chest of valuable documents which had been hidden for centuries.

Of miraculous escapes in the midst of devastation there are numerous instances. In 1899, a house at St. Mabyn's, Cornwall, was struck, and not a single room escaped injury of some kind. Yet no one in the house was hurt. In this case the inmates were fortunate in being out of the line of least resistance and greatest attraction, and so escaped.

Photo by F. Ball.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, destroyed by lightning.

One would naturally suppose that the fact of a bicycle being struck meant certain death or injury to the rider. Yet it was not until the cyclist came to

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clean his machine a day or two after the storm, that he found the metal of the handle-bar and near hub had been fused.

During divine service at Atcham Church, near Shrewsbury, lightning struck the church tower. The building being filled by a large congregation, something like a panic ensued. A deafening peal of thunder and a loud crash mingled with the screams of women and children. A wild rush was made for the door. It was ascertained that several children belonging to the choir were seriously injured. One in particular, Emma Cain, suffered terribly. Her eyesight was injured, and one side of her face and neck badly scorched. Her foot was also burned. Five damaged boots belonging to the children are still kept as a memento of this dreadful affair, which happened in 1879.

Photo by W. J. S. Lockyer.

Dark and bright flashes. The dark flash or image is a phenomenon observed by the camera as well as by the human eye.

In case of lightning discharges taking place between a cloud and the earth, solid matter of a non-conducting nature which lies in the way suffers considerable damage. In the case of living beings the shock frequently causes death.

Thus under certain conditions people walking in the open are in danger, but naturally the degree of risk is not comparable to what is involved by being near to a conductor.

Yet people unthinkingly take refuge under trees. It is an unsafe thing to do, as witness the large number of victims who thought otherwise. And yet there may be safety in numbers even with regard to trees. If you should happen to be in a wood during a storm, avoid the high trees; they are most likely to act as conductors, taking the lightning away from the low tree under which you are standing.

Photo by A. Wornsnop.

Rifles and accoutrements damaged by lightning

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Notes from the Diary of an Old Man of Ten

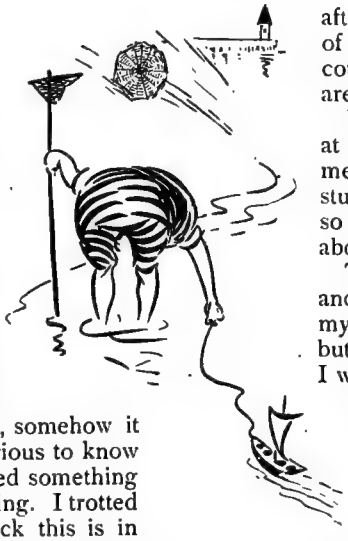
Written and Illustrated by Hilda Cowham.

First Letter.

Dear Jack,

I told you I was going to spend my holidays at Littlehampton. Well, we have been here three weeks, and it's not a bad sort of place at all—heaps of nice girls and boats, and bathing tents and things.

I have had a grand time; I was out sailing my boat one day, when I noticed not far up the beach, a large Japanese umbrella covered with all sorts of little birds and butterflies. Well, you know, Jack, old man, somehow it attracted me, and I was very curious to know what was underneath it. It looked something so funny from where I was standing. I trotted up, and there was, oh (now Jack this is in confidence, twiggey-vous), the funniest (I thought her funny then, I don't now) little creature sitting there that I've ever seen, not exactly pretty, but rather like Polly Swivers (you know, the one that you were rather mashed on last half), only without the plaits.



She was swinging to and fro nursing something that looked like a doll; a rotten looking thing, made of cloth, with a cloth face, the sort of thing you dream about after you've had an overdose of tuck. I wonder how she could put up with it! Girls are funny, eh, old man?

Well, to continue—I looked at her hard, but she never gave me a glance, her eyes were stuck on the precious thing, so I walked off and forgot all about her.

The next day I was paddling, and a crab had just laid hold of my toe, when who should pass but my lady of the umbrella. I wasn't best pleased; but who would be with a crab gnawing one's foot off? She looked at me this time and laughed, so I had to put my best face on, I can tell you, for the crab was enjoying my foot. I called out to her, "Would you like to take him off?" but she only laughed again, and said she didn't want to spoil her pretty shoes.

Rather a bit of conceit wasn't it? After bearing it as long as I could, I summoned up what courage I had left and pulled the beastly thing off. It did smart I can tell you, and I could only just hobble to the shore.

She was very kind, asked me if I was very much hurt and all

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that, told me I might as a great favour carry her doll a little way (imagine it), if it would comfort me.

I politely refused, and after putting on my shoes, we strolled along the beach.

On further acquaintance, I thought she was really not bad looking, in spite of the missing plaits (I'm rather off plaits, don't you know).

She kept on asking if my foot was all right, and promised she would bring me some stuff for it, if it got worse.

I wish she wasn't so fond of that silly old doll, though; you should have seen her, hugging and squeezing it. It made me feel quite jealous, and at last I did a dreadful thing.

I snatched it from her; snatched it, old man, and threw it as far as I could into the sea. I can hardly believe I dared do it, now. You should have seen her face, it was almost purple, but only for an instant. I thought it was all over with me, and then she smiled and said that she could easily make another. Oh! I did feel sold, and I confess rather ashamed of myself. I said I was sorry, but she said it didn't matter, she had lost heaps that way, which was a big fib, as she doesn't look a bit of a flirt.

I believe I'm getting rather mashed on her, and I'm really serious this time. I honestly *hate* plaits now, and although I don't love dolls, still they can be endured.

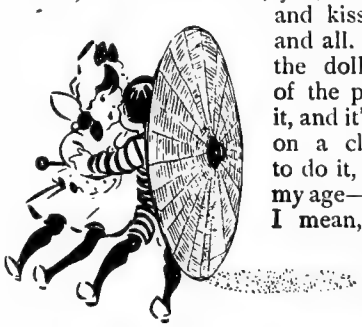
Next day she appeared with a new doll, uglier, if possible, than the first, but she herself looked fine in a pink bonnet and a blue silk dress.

She has brown eyes—or green, I'm not sure which. I'm tired of blue. Don't scoff, old man—I know they've all had blue before, but, as I said just now, I'm going to be serious this time.

By the way, I haven't told you her name. Well, she's called after an old aunt, so she tells me. Jane's not a very pretty name I admit, but it grows on one. Imagine to yourself, a girl with a Japanese umbrella, big brown eyes (I'm sure they can't be green), and a big sash, and Jane isn't such a bad name after all. I can tell you we've had some sprees together, I've met her every day now for three weeks, and I'm as keen as ever, and it's rather a test to a chap's affections to be with a girl for all that length of time, especially as she always will insist on having that rotten old rag doll with her. I may add, it's her only drawback, only I daren't say anything about it to her, as I was so rude about the first one.

You don't know how it has changed me. Why you wouldn't know me now—no slang (except in letters), no cigarettes (except in bed), my cash all goes in chocolates. Girls have a refining influence on a chap; you ought to try them, old fellow—they're not so bad, and it's no end of a spree. I'll tell you what happened one day, as you're an old chum.

We were sitting behind a bathing tent, as usual, when all of a sudden I turned round and put my arms round dear Janie (that's my pet name), and kissed her, yes, actually hugged and kissed her, doll and all. I must say the doll took some of the poetry out of it, and it's rather hard on a chap to have to do it, especially at my age—hug the doll, I mean, but it was bliss, doll and all, I can assure you. Of course, she turned very red after this, and was, or pretended to be, very cross, and she made a great deal of trouble over it, but she was pacified at last, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight.



Three days after that we were engaged, and as I was rather hard up (chocolates are so expensive), it being near the end of the month, I made a ring out of plaited grass.

I should like you to see how devoted we are to one another. I'm going to get Triggs minor (he's staying down here) to take a snapshot of us, and I'll send you one.

I'm afraid I shall have to shut up now, old man, I'm very busy arranging things, as we're off together at the end of the week.

I kiss her every day now.

With love from your happy chum,

DICK.

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Second Letter.

DEAR JACK,

It is just three days since I wrote to you, and I'm rather worried —things aren't turning out as smoothly as I could wish.

I told you I was going to get Triggs minor to take our photos; he did that all right. The silly little ass didn't split, but as he was developing the plate, his sister, you know, the one that squints, saw it and spotted me at once; she thought it awfully funny, laughed at it, yes, laughed. Fancy having your private affairs laughed at by the public. Of course, Triggs minor came down in an awful state and said it was all over the shop. His silly donkey of a sister had blabbed, thinking it an awful joke, no doubt, but the worst is to come. I was sticking some hair I'd cut off on to Janie's doll, to make "real eyebrows" for it (you have to do that sort of thing when you are engaged; it doesn't hurt you, you know) —when there came a summons from the Pater. Wished to see me, so down I goes; Pater and Mater were both there with the photo. I expect by this time it's all over the place. I hope *she* won't see it, that would be the last straw.

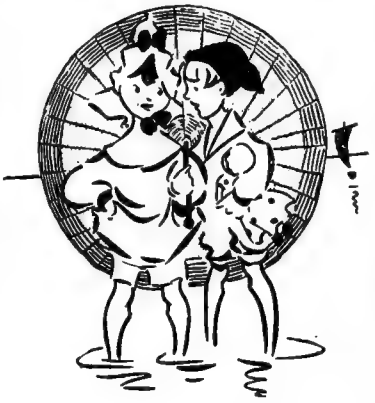
They both, Pater and Mater I mean, talked a lot about foolishness, as though I didn't know it, and about being very young and childish—young and childish, to me, if you please—me! just on the verge of matrimony; and then, oh horrors, they followed me upstairs, and there lay the rag doll, with her heap of eyebrows, for I'd cut off a good deal of my hair, beside her.

Well, when the Pater saw it he laughed, in fact, he roared, and said it was "too funny"—as though he hadn't done the same thing himself, when he was engaged. Everybody does, don't they?

Oh! I am so miserable, I can't tell Janie; I am sure she'd give me up if she knew, but I'm going to get her away as soon as possible.

From your worried

DICK.



Third Letter.

DEAR JACK,

Worse than ever; Janie has heard about it.

We met as usual behind the bathing tent, and after the preliminaries were over (you know what I mean), she pulled out of her pocket—the photo. I'm sick of the sight of it now. She said it had been sent to her from London. It's surprising how a thing like that travels. It'll be framed in the form-room next half, I expect.

It seems that sister of Triggs sneaked one, she fancied it so much, and sent it to her cousin, who recognised Janie as her schoolfellow —and there you are. I got this out of Triggs minor, and (would you believe it old man?) I've been *four* days trying to explain the matter to Janie, but somehow I can't get a word in, still I'm as fond of her as ever—fonder if anything.

From your still more worried DICK.

Fourth Letter.

DEAR JACK,

All is over, girls are fools, my allowance has come, but too late.

I don't know how to tell you, but Jane (I can never call her Janie again) has played me false. *She was paddling yesterday afternoon arm in arm with Triggs minor.* Wait till I get him back next half. The worst of it is though, that he has the plate of that photo. Of course, I wrote for an explanation, but she wrote back to say that there was none; she was tired of me. I had not acted honourably; honourably, old man, after all I've been through. Oh! they're a thankless lot.

I shall be glad to be home; I never want to see her face again, and as to that doll—ugh! After all, old chap, I can't stand a girl without plaits.

From your mercifully delivered DICK.

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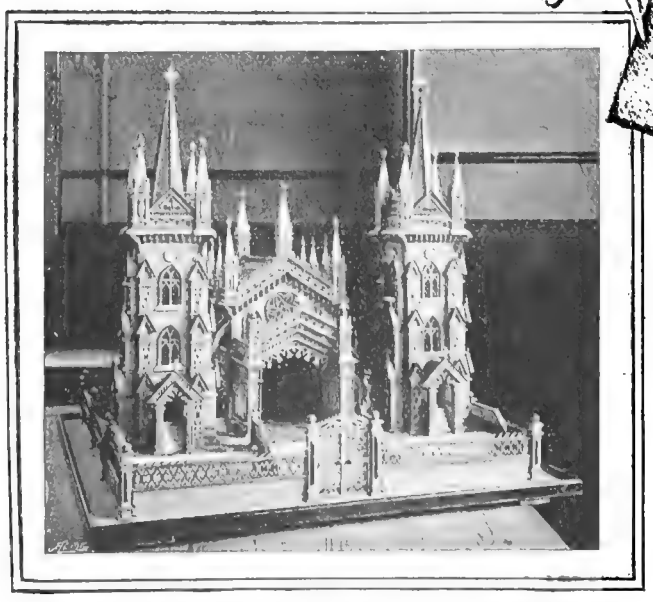
A Workhouse Genius

George Egan, who built the miniature cathedral.

A workhouse infirmary is not by any means the place where one would go when in search of a genius, or even a person with a tendency in that direction. There is an exception to every rule, and the one in this case is George Egan, who was recently for some time an inmate of St. Luke's Infirmary, at the Union in Shepherdess Walk, City Road. Being lamed by an accident, he was laid up for a long time, and will probably never be quite well again; consequently he had to enter the Union Infirmary, and here he employed his spare moments in designing and constructing a miniature cathedral.

The cleverness of the design in this work is very great, and all the more so when it is remembered that it was never put on paper, but only existed in the brain of the worker till he actually constructed it. The construction, too, is no less to be admired for its neatness and exactness. Here, too, Egan had disadvantages to contend with. He never used a plumb line to insure perpendicular walls; his tools were of the simplest—a knife-blade, with an improvised handle of rag, a broken rule, a pair of blunt scissors, and a paint brush.

The only tools Egan used — a knife-blade with a handle of rag, a broken rule, a pair of scissors, and a paint-brush.



This cathedral, which is twenty inches high, was built almost entirely of doctors' cards.

Nor were his materials much more elaborate. Doctors' diet cards form the only substitute for bricks; glue supplies the mortar; marbles and pills—the latter probably contributed by some unwilling victim of a doctor's prescription—will scarcely be recognised in their new *rôle* of ornaments for pinnacles and pillars; paint, a few odd bits of wood, and coloured tissue paper complete the list, which, it will be admitted, is sufficiently meagre.

The model we show on this page stands twenty inches high, and its base is a square of thirty-two inches. It took eleven months to make, and, in spite of the deficiencies already described in tools and materials, good workmanship has triumphed even over these, and made the finished cathedral quite a work of art in its own small way.

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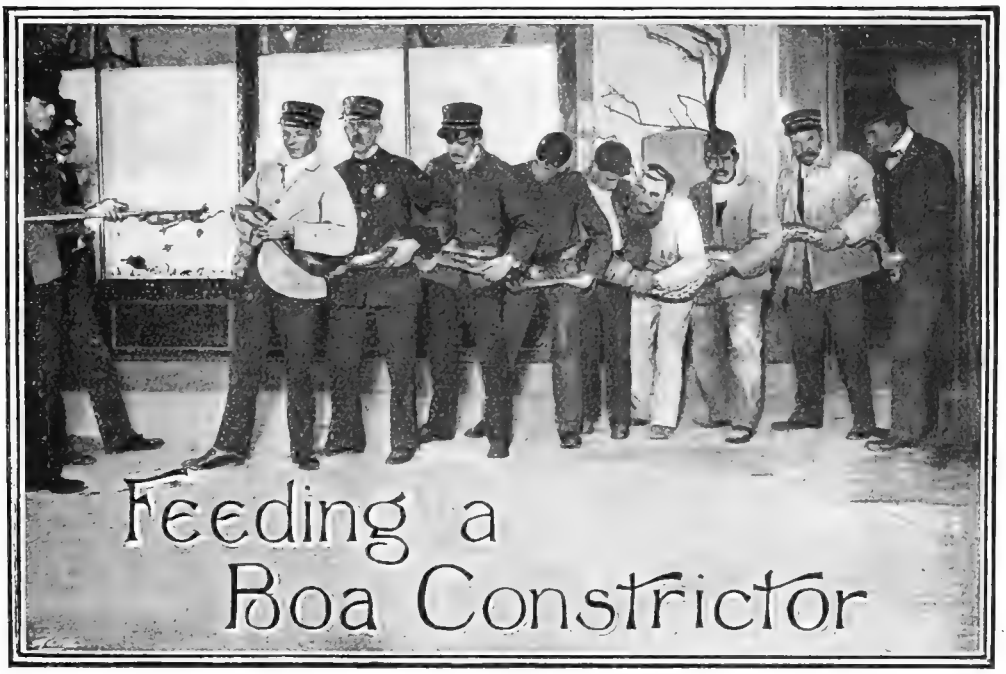

Feeding a Boa Constrictor

The boa's jaws are about to be forced open in order to receive the food it refuses to eat of its own accord.

By H. Irving Hancock.

There are three boa-constrictors in the Bronx Park Zoo, New York, the smallest of them being 23ft. 6in. long. While the two smaller ones have been taught to eat, the largest—a recent addition—has displayed an obstinate antipathy to food. It is characteristic of these reptiles, when first imprisoned, to attempt suicide through starvation. It, therefore, became necessary to bully the great serpent into eating.

To the Chief Keeper, Mr. Snyder, were intrusted the details of the task. He ordered four rabbits to be killed and prepared for the feast. Then, accompanied by two attendants, he entered the den of the reptiles. In the cage were three compartments walled off by tin, and in each of them lay one of the boas.

The chief threw a blanket over the head of the victim. In the same motion he seized the head, and pulled it through the tin-walled compartment. One of the attendants next gained a hold of the brute's neck, drawing out a few more inches. At this point came the hardest work of all. While the creature writhed the remainder of her sinuous body, two keepers darted into the cage, seized the writhing folds, regardless of the danger of being caught and crushed, and aided the first captors in passing the angry monster out through the little entrance to the compartment, and, past that, towards the door of the cage.

Even now the work was but just begun. Bracing themselves against the side of the cage, holding the cold, slimy length away from them, yet clutching with the strength of drowning men, the keepers gradually worked the reptile from one side of the den to the other.

The reserve keeper arrived upon the scene. He held a pole, to which were fastened, loosely, the carcases of four freshly-killed rabbits. With a quick, severe pressure upon the jaws, Mr. Snyder forced the snake's mouth open. Without loss of a second's time the body of the first rabbit was passed down her throat.

Now the second rabbit was down. Then in went the third rabbit, to be soon followed by the fourth.

In feverish haste the journey back to the cage was begun. It was quick work, the task of not more than a few moments, to force the length of the boa in through the door. Just as the head was going in a hose pipe was forced down her throat. A *douche* of warm water was poured down after the rabbits,

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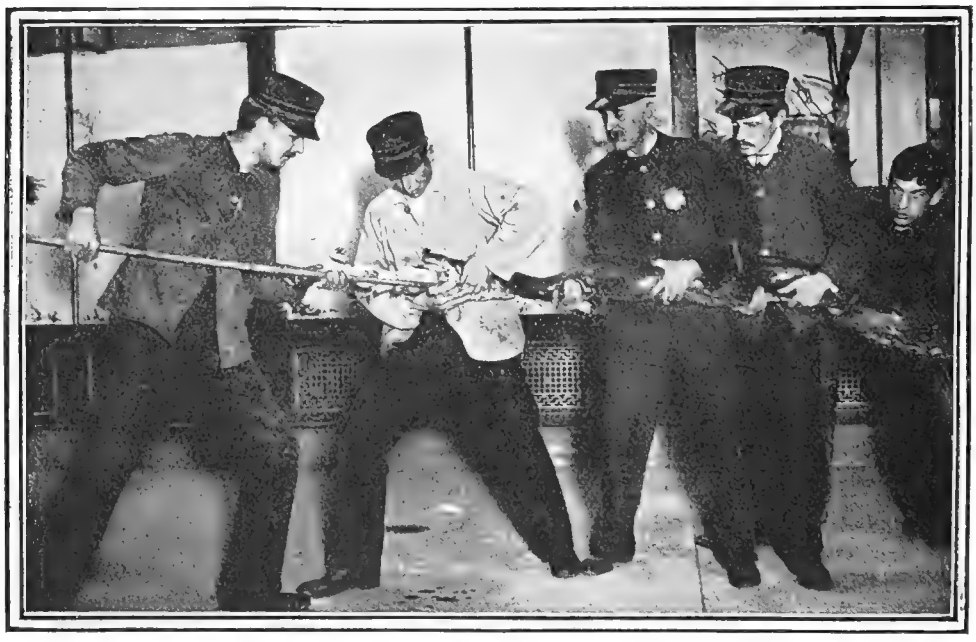

Ramming the food down the creature's throat.

washing the food "home," and preventing any attempt at ejectment. For half-an-hour the creature thrashed against the glass door of her cage. By degrees she quieted down. And at last, with a premonition of the drowse of days that must soon overtake her, she crawled behind the tin wall, stretched out her length and began to doze.

The operation has been completed, but a firm hold has to be kept on the boa's jaws to prevent it ejecting the food.

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How Mr. Bromley M.P. Lost His Seat

By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

Mr. Japheth Bromley—by the way, he always signed his name "J. Bromley," and lamented what he termed his parents' lack of taste in nomenclature—was ill at ease, and he sought consolation and advice from honourable friends in the smoke-room of the House.

He represented the Sternley Division, where both parties took their politics in earnest, and it had been pointed out to the worthy representative that his name was all too frequently absent from the published division lists.

His opponents denounced him as a mere trifler, unable to appreciate the honour or the solemn responsibility of representing the Sternley Division. And all his friends could say was that if he did not vote he was always paired—a poor and unconvincing reply in a community where men grubbed through the division lists as eagerly as if those lists contained winning numbers in a lottery. He received private reproaches from friends which upset him far more than the thunders of the hostile paper—*The Sternley Patriot*—in which he was accused once a week of showing a levity from which Nero in his worst days would have shrunk.

Now it happened that Mr. Bromley, a tall, gaunt, clean-shaven, prematurely bald gentleman, had never been guilty of levity in his life. The occasions on which he had been absent were of no importance, and he had always been careful to "pair." The suggestion made by the journalistic thunderer already alluded to, that the honourable gentleman was leading a gay and almost riotous life in what was termed "the vast and insidious metropolis," was ludicrously incorrect, for when away from the House he was nearly always to be found in his bachelor's flat, examining through his costly and superb microscope insects, microbes, and plants, and jotting down the results of his investigations for some scientific journal. It was a feeling that he must give less time to those pursuits, and more to the House, which to some extent caused his uneasiness.

But this was not all. He had been persuaded to become the Patron of a Fancy Dress Ball, and had promised to attend it, because the money raised would be devoted to a worthy charity which appealed very strongly to his sympathies. And now that the date was drawing near he was in quite a panic as to a suitable costume.

He privately examined pictures in the illustrated papers showing the costumes worn at similar entertainments, and the more he looked at them the further he seemed from coming to a decision as to his own. And so it came to pass that he turned to his smoke-room counsellors at the House for advice, nor did he ask in vain.

"Go as a microbe," said one.

"What's the matter with a Parliamentary parasite?" asked another.

Mr. Bromley listened to the various suggestions of his friends, and then announced that he was determined to wear some costume that was not very eccentric in appearance, that it must be comfortable, and above all that it must include a wig.

"Ah," said one irrepressible friend, "you think a man can go in for festivity in earnest without going into it bald-headed," nor did Mr. Bromley deny that such was his view.

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In the end the hon. member acted as many men do in such circumstances, that is to say, he arrayed himself in a costume which in no way suggested his real character. Being a grave and studious man he transformed himself into a cavalier of the Restoration Period, with long flowing wig, gay satin clothes, silk stockings, plenty of lace, shoes with famous buckles, and, of course, a sword. The various articles were merely hired, and the tradesman who provided them told Mr. Bromley (who had surrendered himself absolutely), that when the night arrived it would be necessary to have his face "touched up, as it were."

"How do you mean?" asked the member for Sternley, hoping that the terrible editor of the *Patriot* would never hear of these proceedings.

"Well, you see, my dear sir," replied the expert, "a little colour must be introduced into the cheek and the eyebrows must be emphasised—we must look gay, and even somewhat arch. Everyone does it on such occasions. I have manipulated all sorts of faces before to-day."

"Well, well," answered resigned Bromley, "it is all in aid of a most deserving charity, and nothing but such a consciousness would reconcile me to proceedings which are almost undignified, not to say indecorous."

It turned out that owing to that unexpected prolongation of what is known as a full-dress debate in the House, the night of the ball, instead of being, as had at first been expected, a quiet night, witnessed the close of the great debate, followed by a momentous division. Mr. Bromley ascertained from the Whip of his party that the twelve o'clock rule was to be suspended and that the division would not be taken before one o'clock, but the hon. member was urged to return to the House not later than half-past twelve.

The ball was to be held in the Hall of one of the City Companies, and Mr. Bromley calculated that if he arrived soon after the opening hour, eight o'clock, he could stop until eleven, could then drive to his chambers close to the House by half-past eleven, and thus have three-quarters of an hour to remove his finery and resume the less picturesque garb of every-day life. He would then be able to keep his promise to his Whip.

He left the House soon after question time on the eventful evening, and spent a long and anxious period in his chambers with his costumier. Everything was ready and he was arrayed with the utmost care, each detail being attended to scrupulously, including of course what was described as the "manipulation of countenance." Mr. Bromley was almost startled to see what a festive and almost rakish appearance the skilful operator had imparted to a face which in an ordinary way was of the style of beauty known as "lantern jawed." But while he was startled, the expert was delighted.

"You should, if possible, my dear sir, infuse into your bearing and gait just the suspicion of a swagger, something approaching the style of a roystering blade."

"I will try," promised the poor man in a tone of sepulchral solemnity which contrasted strangely with the artificial daredevilry on his face. And so with something like a benediction from the enthusiastic expert, Mr. Japheth Bromley, M.P., concealing as much of his finery as was possible under his top-coat, entered a cab and set out on an expedition which was destined to prove memorable.

He noted with satisfaction that the drive from his rooms to the scene of festivities was done easily in half-an-hour; and after stalking about the hall in a manner that would have broken the heart of his costumier, because of the absence of anything approaching a swagger, or even a strut, he at length began to feel at home. There were some members of learned societies, and as some of them were dancing, Mr. Bromley, in spite of his sword, joined in what has been called "the light fantastic," though in his case the performance was more fantastic than light. And so the time soon slipped away until the hon. member discovered with something like panic that a quarter past eleven had arrived.

He hurried to the cloak room, and there the first of a series of unexpected delays took place. The arrangements were bad, the crush was great and by the time he had secured his coat half-past eleven was chiming. Still the division would not be taken until one o'clock, he reflected, so that he had an hour and a half in which to save the situation.

But the next trouble was that he could not procure a cab, for while he had been inside sleet had come down, and the freezing wind had rendered the city streets as slippery as glass.

After an anxious time, he at length captured a hansom, but it was of little use as the horse skated about, and the driver declined to risk anything quicker than a

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walk. "Go to the Mansion House Station," shouted the agitated senator, and was forthwith taken there at a pace which would be regarded as ostentatiously slow even in a funeral.

Of course he just missed a train, and felt inclined to dance with rage when the gate was slammed in his face, and he was left to be gazed at by a little crowd of the curious, who commented with freedom upon his wig and his stockings and shoes.

The situation was now serious, though not desperate, for he caught a train a few minutes after twelve, and with ordinary luck hoped to reach Westminster Bridge about twenty minutes past midnight. Three minutes would be enough to run to his rooms, and he muttered savagely: "I can kick these ridiculous things off in a quarter of an hour, and get to the House before one after all."

But apparently the stars were fighting in their courses against poor Mr. Bromley that night, for when the train was half-way between the Mansion House and Blackfriars it suddenly stopped after two or three ominous jerks. Heads were pushed from every window, questions were shouted, chaffing offers to get out and push were made, and the guard at last came along saying that the engine had broken down, but in a few minutes they would be off again.

The hissing steam, and the more trying din of an impromptu concert started by careless revellers in the carriage next to Mr. Bromley's, increased his nervous irritability. The precious minutes were slipping away, and at last, after twenty minutes' delay, the officials confessed the truth—the engine was hopelessly stuck, with a broken axle and the two front wheels off the metals.

Mr. Bromley groaned aloud. An inspector informed the passengers that they were close to Blackfriars, and would be allowed to walk through the tunnel, keeping close to the wall. Most of the crowd were very merry at such an unusual experience, they whistled and sang and laughed aloud—but the "gay cavalier" marched along with an expression of ghastly gloom that was really startling.

He might well feel anxious for it was more than half-past twelve when he emerged into Blackfriars Station. Up the stairs he tore, calling wildly for a hansom. He was determined to be in the division, though he knew that all chance of changing his clothes had gone.

But he resolved to pocket his wig, to button up his top-coat—a black one fortunately—and to keep behind the crowd at the bar of the House. Then he could slip into the division lobby surrounded by other members, and at once having voted, he would escape. A cab was at last discovered, and the road down the Embankment was, of

He spent a long and anxious period in his chambers with his costumier.

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course, not so slippery as the polished City streets.

All the way the grim cavalier kept his eye anxiously fixed on Big Ben, and the light above it: Never before had the Embankment seemed so long; never before had the good member known so dilatory a steed. It was almost one o'clock when he jumped out at the Clock Tower entrance and ran down the steps.

"Division," roared a policeman, and then as he saw a wild be-wigged figure, wearing light silk stockings and buckled shoes, and grasping a sword, rush towards the House, the stalwart constable stood across the path. "It's all right," panted the badgered member, "I'm Bromley, member for Sternley, you know," and he was allowed to pass. "Well, I'm blowed," was the only comment, an utterly inadequate and commonplace comment, of which the constable was capable.

By this time Mr. Bromley was dashing across the members' lobby, having rammed his luxuriant wig into his coat pocket. He just managed to dodge through the doors leading to the House as the Serjeant-at-arms was closing them, and the grave official was quite as much startled as the policeman outside.

Mr. Bromley had done it, however, he had saved himself, he had kept his promise, in two minutes he would be in the privacy of the division lobby where he could explain matters to his friends, and forthwith adjourn. But this, like other "best laid schemes," was destined to "gang agley," for instead of being able to hide himself in the crowd of members standing at the bar, they stood away from him in surprise, and thus he became painfully prominent.

Others looking down the House and catching sight of the strange object, began to laugh and to shout "Hear, hear," and "Order" in spite of the fact that the Speaker was standing and putting the question for the second time. The strangers in the gallery could not see what was causing the commotion, but alas! the reporters at the other end of the House had an excellent view and so had the ladies who sit above the press representatives. Mr. Bromley thus experienced a brief but fierce publicity similar to that of the stray dog on the Derby racecourse. He hurriedly joined the crowd of members entering the division lobby at the lower end of the House, and thanked Heaven when he heard the door locked behind him. Members crowded round the hon. gentleman with questions, with chaff, with congratulations, while the victim tried to explain that he had solemnly promised to vote, and that his only chance, owing to a series of mishaps, was to come just as he was. He was patted on the back, and there were cries of "Bravo," till one member remarked "Well, we're glad to see you, and all the more glad because we had a notion you would vote the other way."

It then flashed upon the unhappy man that in his excitement and confusion he had hurried into the wrong lobby! All his efforts were thrown away, and even worse, for while his absence would have given offence, voting against his own side in a strictly party division would be regarded as much more serious. But there was no way out of the trouble, and experienced members told him that though he could offer an explanation afterwards to the Speaker, the vote recorded must stand.

"Well," said Mr. Bromley, speaking with obvious sincerity, "nothing but an overwhelming conviction that I owe a public explanation to my constituents at the earliest possible moment would induce me to re-enter the House in this garb, but duty must not be shirked because it is unpleasant."

Those around him, and especially the younger members, agreed that there is nothing like doing one's duty, and so after voting, the good member, sustained by an approving conscience, stolidly returned to the House and chose one of the least conspicuous seats. The chief Whip of his party glared at him as only a Whip can glare at a man who has gone wrong in a party division.

The numbers were announced by the victorious teller, they were handed to and repeated by the Speaker, there was the usual cheering, and then it was perceived that Mr. Bromley, whose usually grave face still bore the signs of having been touched up, was addressing the chair. His reception was tremendous and his little explanation that owing to inadvertence he had gone into what he conceived to be the wrong lobby, was hailed with shouts of "No, no," from his new friends and loud cheers from his own side.

When, however, he continued: "I wish to add that my appearance here in an unusual costume must not be regarded as showing a want of respect to this honourable House, or to you, Sir, the fact being that it is all because an unfortunate break-down—" a tempest of delighted cheers and laughter drowned the rest of the sentence. The

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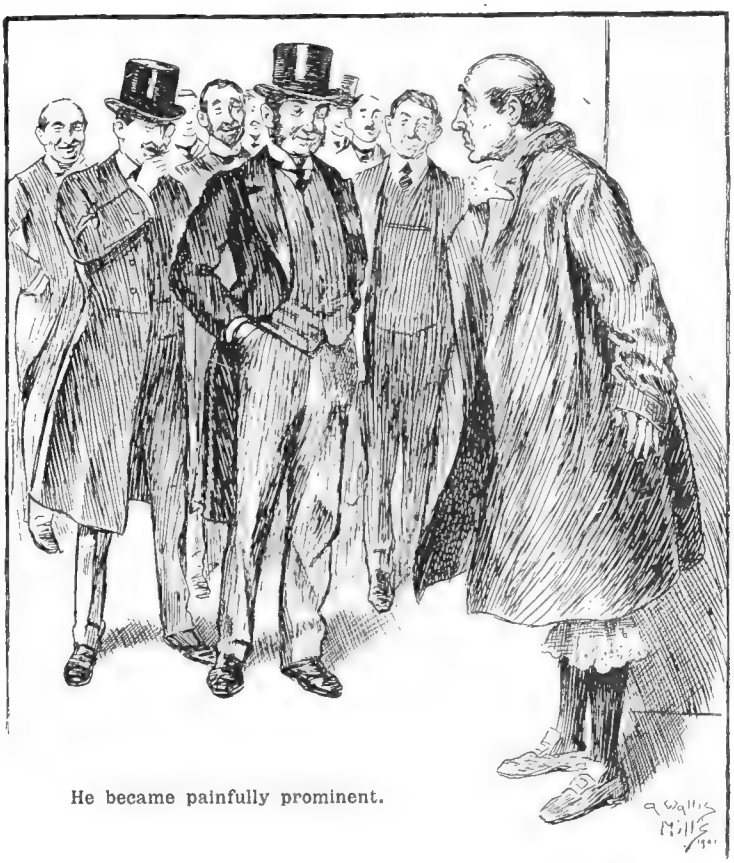
Speaker gave his ruling in cold official tones:

"I have allowed the hon. member to offer his explanation, but I have no power, nor has anyone else, to alter a vote which has been given and duly recorded."

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Bromley was sitting alone in his own room. He gazed for some minutes thoughtfully into the fire, and then, rising suddenly, he wrote three letters, one to the Chancellor of the Exchequer applying for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and the others to the Whip of his party, and his agent in Sternley, acquainting them with what he had done



He became painfully prominent.

The morning papers gave next day some account of the strange scene, but the reports were meagre. At nearly two o'clock in the morning the sketch writers have little time and less space at their disposal. But by the time the evening papers appeared, the tale had been written up at length, with the wildest exaggerations and distortions, while the merry caricaturists had pictures showing the member for Sternley as a knight in armour, as a clown, as Oliver Cromwell pointing to the "bauble," as a pirate King, and in quite half-a-dozen other characters. The London letter-writers made fine play with him, while the poets sang his adventures in all sorts of metre.

The Sternley Patriot rose to the occasion, and that week it issued a special supplement containing all the more highly coloured accounts, and reproducing the caricatures. It was noticed, too, that though the editor began his leading article with the usual formula—"Words fail us"—words by no means did fail him. On the contrary most of his words were very strong, and some of them extraordinarily long, and for the first time in his life he "turned the column." Nor had Mr. Bromley's own side a word to say in his favour, for he had voted against their dearest and most cherished views. As to the ex-member himself, he sought and found consolation in his microscope, and was often heard to remark "microbes are more interesting than most members of Parliament, and are more estimable than any constituents."

The wisdom or unwisdom of Mr. Bromley's sudden retirement from public life was more than once discussed by his old friends in the smoke-room. Everyone was sorry to lose him, but not a few maintained that he was not fitted for Parliamentary life, and would never have made a mark at St. Stephens. Others declared that had it not been for his sensitiveness he would have come to the front. At length his firm friend, Sir John Smithson, concluded the whole matter by saying: "Bromley would have never done for either front bench, for he had acquired the fatal habit of keeping his promises." And the others agreed that it was so.

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Popular Songs of the Past

By Mary Fermor.

It may be safely asserted that the success of a comic song depends upon the singer. The music is seldom more than a tuneful—sometimes even irritating—jingle, and the words, for the most part, fall flat when read in cold blood, or sung by any but a born humourist. This is probably the reason why the perusal of old comic songs makes us think our grandfathers were easily amused.

The "Champagne Charlie Polka" was adapted from the well-known song of that name, composed and sung by George Leybourne, a music-hall star of thirty years ago, then announced as "The Lion Comic."

Champagne Charlie gives himself away as a roystering, bibulous creature of erratic habits, whose idea of happiness seems to have been "a noise all night, in bed all day, and swimming in Champagne."

The original Champagne Charlie.

"Joseph Baxter," the hero of the once popular song, "Not for Joseph."

He scorned all other wines, and made a rule of "Never letting others pay however long the shot." His only quarrel with life was, that he "Ne'er could get a wife," and in the lady's version of the song, sung by Miss Louie Sherrington, we get the reason:—

> Although he liked me pretty well,
> He better loved champagne.

"Not for Joseph," is the work of the versatile Mr. Arthur Lloyd, who was widely known, in the early seventies, throughout the United Kingdom for his "Two Hours Genuine Fun."

Joseph Baxter, the hero of this song, is a young man who has bought his experience and means to profit by the bargain. He says:—

> I once was green as green could be.
> I suffered for it, though!
> Now, if they try it on with me,
> I tell them, "Not for Joe!"

"Jim Crow" was one of early nigger songs introduced from the "other side" by Dan Rice, an American singer, and it seems to have found general favour with our

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The cover design of "Jim Crow," the celebrated American nigger song.

Cover design of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," composed and sung by Sam Cowell.

comedians. Mr. Ben Webster, the celebrated actor-manager, is accredited with having been the first to sing it in public. Our modern favourite, Mr. J. L. Toole, mentions an actor named Dunn as the famous Jim Crow of his boyish days, whom he included in the "Imitations," with which he began his successful career.

"The Ratcatcher's Daughter," which first appeared under the title of "The Pathetic Love of the Maid of Westminster," was composed and sung by Sam Cowell, the reputed father of the music-halls. His public career lasted from 1840 to about 1860, and this song was first produced by him in Edinburgh, probably in 1852. Toole sang it there four years later when he took his own benefit as Caleb Scrummade in Jonathan Bradford.

The "Lardy-dardy swell" in Jason's popular ditty, "Lardy-dardy-do."

It is a lachrymose ditty of an inconsequent but devoted couple who hawked sprats and "lily-vite sand" respectively as a means of living. The lady is thus described:—

Ven she cried "sprats" in Vestminster.
Oh, sich a loud, sveet voice, sir,
You could hear her all up Parliament Street
And as far as Charing Cross, sir!

Her nerves do not

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seem to have been as strong as her voice, and she found a watery grave in "the dirty Thames" on the eve of her wedding day, whereupon her disconsolate lover showed his grief and constancy by cutting "his throat vith a sq'vare of glass, and stabbed his donkey arter."

"Lardy Dardy Do" is a gentleman of deceptive appearance who, however, takes his audience into his confidence as to his impecuniosity. He cultivates the air of a Dundreary swell with whiskers, after the pattern of Sothern's great impersonation. The composer of "Lardy Dardy Do" was Harry Rickards, a contemporary of Arthur Lloyd's, announced as "The greatest Comic Singer in the World." About eight years later than the production of the above-named song, at the time of the Zulu war, Arthur Lloyd brought out "Captain La-di-da-di-doo," the words and spirit of which fall in remarkably well with the present popular ditties:—

I'm Captain La-di-da-di-doo
Who for his Queen and Country
All her enemies would slew.
A British soldier with a foe
Would fight till all was blue,
And there's no exception, boys,
In Captain La-di-da-di-doo.
Our soldiers in their uniforms are splendid men to view,
But it's not alone the look, for we know what they can do.
I think we should be proud of them, I do, indeed, don't you?
And their officers, of course, including Captain La-di-da-di-doo.

In "Paul-y Toole-y Technic" we get the delightful combination of the two famous comedians, Paul Bedford and Toole, who produced this impromptu sketch at one of the Crystal Palace fêtes in aid of the Dramatic College at Woking.

The words of "The Perfect Cure" seem to have sunk into insignificance beside the marvellous feat of agility and endurance with which they were accompanied. James Hurst Stead, described as "a slim, inexhaustible man," appeared nightly at Weston's Music Hall in Holborn, where some fifteen hundred people watched him dance the "Cure." He was dressed like a French circus clown with a tall conical hat, and jumped up and down over a thousand times a night to a height of three feet from the stage, and breathed as easily at the end of the performance as he did at the beginning, often taking a long walk when he left the hall. He continued to do this for more than a year in London alone. The music was composed by John Blewitt for a song called "The Monkey and the Nuts," and was bought by Purdy the publisher for two guineas. After it was set to

James Hurst Stead as "The Perfect Cure."

Bedford and Toole in "Paul-y-toole-y-technic."
(From a photograph by Southwell Bros., Baker Street.)

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"Shan't I be glad when Sally comes home."

Stead's words, Mr. Purdy is said to have made two thousand pounds out of the transaction. Stead himself realised a considerable fortune, but was unlucky enough to lose it through a bank failure. He lived to the age of sixty, and died after a long illness in 1886.

"Shan't I be Glad when Sally Comes Home" was written by the well-known composer and singer, F. W. Egerton, who was a contemporary of George Leybourne. The loving, longing swain represented in the picture is a model of constancy and forebearance. He tells us that Sally is "an angel divine," and then relates the very unangelic fact that—

She had trouble to keep her hands still,
Through which she got six months upon the treadmill.

The memory of her charms, as "a feminine fair," for he "much admired her carroty hair," had kept her lover's devotion alive, and her shop-lifting propensities had quenched neither her love nor his hope, for he sings with joyful confidence:

From gaol to church we'll quickly go
When they let her out in the morning;
And when charming Sally becomes my dear wife
We'll soon put an end to all trouble and strife,
And happily leading a good, honest life,
We'll set an example and warning.

"The Country Fair" bears the name of the distinguished actor, Mr. Frederick Robson, who was for some years at the Grecian, won golden opinions in Dublin, and subsequently became one of the attractions at the Olympic.

He gave this sketch song at the Strand on the occasion of a farewell benefit to Mr. James Rogers, who was leaving for America, October 3rd, 1857.

These are but a few of the rhymes and tuneful airs that provoked the laughter of a past generation. They describe or caricature foibles and fancies that have been succeeded by frailties and fashions no less ludicrous to the wit who has the gift of turning them to account. They have had their day—a short and a merry one, perhaps—they have passed with the men and women that called them into being, and we are singing our own songs, enjoying our smart sayings and up-to-date jokes, with far less leisure for amusement and many more places in which to find it than was the case thirty or forty years ago. Like the huge majority of this class of song, they were absolutely devoid of literary or musical merit. They were written to hit off current events and passing fashions, and have long since faded from public remembrance. But though the humorous side of life changes and passes with the resistless stream of Time, who shall say that a good laugh is not a good thing.

"The Country Fair," sung by Mr. Robson.

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THE HUMBLING OF SEYMOUR-SMITH

By E. M. Bredin.

Kitty sat huddled into a corner of the sofa, with a deplorably wet handkerchief crushed over her eyes. She was sobbing with such anguish that she heard neither the opening of the door, nor a suppressed whistle of astonishment and dismay. A hand upon her shoulder made her look up at last, revealing a face of woe.

"My blessed little woman, what on earth is the matter?"

"Oh, Tom! Oh, Tom!" wailed Kitty. She exchanged the unsympathetic sofa-cushion for a masculine shoulder, and only wept the more.

"My dearest Kit, what has happened? Is—is anyone dead?"

Kitty shook her head.

"Kitty, darling, do tell me! It's cruel to keep me in suspense like this. Just one word, dear?"

"Th—th—the b—bazaar!" sobbed Kitty, and broke into a fresh flood of tears.

"The bazaar!" repeated Tom Leighton blankly.

"And—and Mr. Seymour-Smith!" Kitty wailed further.

"That little cad! What has he dared to do?" cried Tom vengefully. "If he has bothered you in any way, I—I'll kick him."

Refreshed by this energetic sympathy, Kitty sat up, and wiped her eyes.

"I really have been working very hard for the bazaar," she said quaveringly. "I'd taken no end of trouble over my stall, and—and it really looked quite nice. And this afternoon, when I was just finishing, he came in in a hurry, and said that Lady Dovedale had promised a lot of butter and dairy things, and—and they must have my stall, because it was in the coolest place; and he supposed I wouldn't mind moving."

"The brute!" muttered Tom.

"Of course, everything was upset," Kitty went on mournfully. "It took me hours to put it straight. And I'm poked away in a horrid little corner, where I can't see anything. I shan't sell a single thing; and I do think it's rather hard!"

"It's brutal!" Tom agreed fervently. "I'll see that your things sell all right, darling; but, as for Seymour-Smith, he deserves—I don't know what he doesn't deserve! I never could stand the little beast; I never believed in his Anti-Tobacco League, and all his other good works. Ever since Lady Dovedale took up this wretched bazaar of his, nobody without a title is good enough for him to speak to; and, now that he has got the Duchess to come down for the opening, he is neither to have nor to hold. I only wish I could see Lady Dovedale before to-morrow!"

"I don't know what good that would do," said Kitty.

"All the good in the world!" cried Tom, with a sudden twinkle in his blue eyes. "Say that I meet her on my way home to-night; she, of course, mentions the all-absorbing subject of the bazaar. I dilate upon your wrongs, and the iniquities of Seymour-Smith,

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Lady Dovedale indignantly repeats the tale to the Duchess; the Duchess, also justly indignant, snubs Seymour-Smith publicly when opening the bazaar to-morrow, makes a point of calling him Mr. Smith (which would cut him to the soul), and devotes herself to your stall. Moral: the villain is punished, and the virtuous and oppressed heroine suitably rewarded."

"Don't be absurd!" said Kitty, laughing.

"Absurd!" he cried melodramatically. "Is this your gratitude for my brilliant scheme? Katharine, farewell! Trust all to me. To-morrow shall see the wrong righted, and virtue triumphant!"

"Dear boy, how silly he is!" thought Kitty, as she ran to the window, and watched him close the gate after him with a flourish. Her faith and admiration were practically unbounded where he was concerned; but even she could not bring herself to believe in the feasibility of this last fantastic plan.

* * * * *

The weather, as well as "the county," smiled upon Mr. Seymour-Smith's open-air bazaar. The opening day was gloriously fine—a little too hot, indeed, for the patient crowd which stood waiting, in two long ranks, to see the Duchess arrive. The throng discussed alternately her and Mr. Seymour-Smith, who, visiting the field previously in all the heat and glory of his mayoral robes, had contrived to alienate his staunchest supporter by his tone of condescension.

"I had the greatest mind in the world to throw up my stall at the last moment," said one dignified matron hotly, after he had gone.

"He really has behaved shamefully," chimed in another. "Did you hear how he turned poor little Kitty Tarrant out of her stall at the last moment, to make room for something of Lady Dovedale's?"

"What a shame!" agreed a chorus. And Kitty, at the back of the crowd, felt not a little comforted by this general sympathy.

"Here she comes!" ran in an agitated whisper along the double line; and Kitty, standing on tiptoe, could see Mr. Seymour-Smith's round and heated face, solemn with the pride of his position, as he helped the Duchess down from his own brand-new carriage. He evidently felt himself the cynosure of every envious eye; but, truth to tell, no one thought about him, for the Duchess, who was a veritable daughter of the gods, dwarfed him in every sense.

A quick fire of comments ran along the lines as she passed between them—criticisms on her height, her hair, her complexion, which all received well-merited praise; for the Duchess was a very handsome young woman. Her dress met with some disapproval; but about her beauty there could be no two opinions.

Little Seymour-Smith, strutting at her side, looked smaller and commoner than ever, though obviously such an idea never entered his head. He swelled with pride and joy as he handed the Duchess up the platform steps, and began his speech of introduction. They were all grateful, he said, to her Grace for coming among them; he dilated on her Grace's kindness, and on the gratitude which all felt to her; he said that no thanks of theirs could ever sufficiently repay her Grace for her goodness in coming so far to be with them on that day.

In short, for a wearisome twenty minutes, he repeated himself and her title, until the waiting crowd became restless; while the Duchess listened, and smiled placidly at her bouquet. At length he called upon her Grace to open the bazaar; and the crowd applauded, and drew a simultaneous breath of relief, and prepared to hear the ducal speech with renewed interest.

The Duchess came a step forward; but she made no reference to Seymour-Smith or his speech. "Thank you," she said generally, in a high, distinct voice. "I am delighted to be here to-day. I have much pleasure in declaring the bazaar open."

Seymour-Smith's jaw fell. A Duchess could do no wrong in his eyes, but—well, he had certainly hoped for some reference to his labours for the good of the cause. The opinions of the crowd were divided. They had counted upon more of the Duchess and less of the mayor; but, on the other hand, an hour's waiting in that burning mid-summer sun had considerably lessened their enthusiasm.

The general verdict was, that the shortness of her speech was extremely sensible, and that Seymour-Smith was a long-winded fool. It was a pity that a Duchess should not have a prettier voice; but then it was remembered that she was an American, and even that defect was forgiven her.

The crowd melted rapidly away, headed by Seymour-Smith and the Duchess; and Kitty ran back to her distant stall, and prepared for a day of solitude. Could Tom really have carried out his mad plan?

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She closed her eyes and murmured faintly, "B. and S.!"

she wondered, laughing to herself. Certainly Seymour-Smith had been snubbed by the Duchess, and that publicly. Kitty laughed again at the remembrance, and only wished that Tom had been able to come over in time to witness his discomfiture.

Her stall was so far from the others, and so well hidden among the trees, that she had fully made up her mind to be passed over by almost everyone. It was therefore a surprise when, after a very short interval, her retreat was invaded by the last people she would have expected—the Duchess, fair, cool, and languid, and Seymour-Smith, burdened with her immense bouquet, and weighed down by his own voluminous robes.

"I don't think your Grace will find this part of the field interesting," he submitted humbly.

"It's cool, at any rate," said the Duchess, in her high-pitched voice. "If you don't think it interesting, why did you poke away a pretty stall here?"

She took possession of the only chair, turned her back on Seymour-Smith, and looked with interest at Kitty.

"Don't you find it rather dull here alone?" she inquired.

"A—a little," faltered Kitty, abashed by intercourse with a Duchess, and conscious that Seymour-Smith's eye was fixed upon her with a basilisk glare. He evidently felt that this was dangerous ground, for he broke in at this point.

"There are some other stalls which your Grace has not yet seen—"

"I've not seen this one, if you come to that," said the Duchess, rising. And again Seymour-Smith was left to fume unnoticed in the background, while she turned over Kitty's wares. The girl was almost sorry for him, as he stood alone, hot and mortified, trying vainly to attract the Duchess's attention.

"The sports will be beginning soon," he hazarded, for the third time.

"I feel a little faint," said the Duchess, sitting down suddenly. Mr. Seymour-Smith, only too happy to take the field again, was all anxious attention in a moment, rushing away for smelling-salts, water, and eau de Cologne, and waving away all intrusive people to a safe distance. But the Duchess would have none

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of his ministrations. She closed her eyes, and murmured faintly: "B. and S.!"

"I beg your pardon?" cried Mr. Seymour-Smith anxiously.

"I said B. and S.—Brandy and Soda," remarked the Duchess, in a firm voice.

"Anything—anything that your Grace can fancy, of course!" cried Mr. Seymour-Smith; whereat Kitty started, for the pompous little mayor was well-known to be a teetotaller. But what were the cherished principles of a life-time, in comparison with the whim of a Duchess? He departed at once, though with a rueful countenance, for he must run the gauntlet of the whole bazaar on his unlawful errand; and no criminal could have worn a more guilty face than his when he returned, successful, but conscience-stricken. The Duchess drank as one to the manner born, and sat up in her chair.

"Most reviving, Mr. Smith," she said languidly; and Seymour-Smith winced. "Now, if you could let me have a cigarette—"

"I—I don't smoke myself," said Seymour-Smith gasping. "But I have no doubt—"

"Someone else does, I daresay," said the Duchess. "Sorry to trouble you."

The President of the Anti-Tobacco League fled, and came back, carrying a cigarette-case as if it had been an infernal machine.

"Thanks!" said the Duchess, taking it from him. "Matches? You are really too thoughtful, Mr. Smith. Now, if you don't mind, you may go away."

"I—I beg your pardon?" gasped Seymour-Smith.

"You may go away," repeated the Duchess sweetly. "I don't think I have any further use for you, and I'm a little tired of your conversation. Also, I'm tired of being trotted round and shown off. I shall rest a little, and then go. Good-bye!"

Seymour-Smith's red face turned purple, and he made an inarticulate attempt to speak. Then, as the Duchess coolly turned her back on him and lighted her cigarette, he slunk away under the trees, with the expression of a whipped cur. Kitty could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes and ears; she was too sorry for her fallen enemy, to laugh. She stood staring after his retreating figure, until the Duchess tossed away her cigarette, and, leaning forward with one arm on the stall, said, in seductive masculine tones: "Well, darling! What price revenge?"

"*Tom!*" screamed Kitty; to which the Duchess only answered with silent laughter. But she put up her veil, and her eyes were undeniably the eyes of Tom Leighton.

"Oh, how could you? Oh, *do* go away at once!" implored Kitty frantically. "What *will* he say?"

"All right, I'm going," said the Duchess soothingly. "I shall be only too thankful to

"Oh, how could you? Oh, do go away at once," implored Kitty frantically.

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get rid of all these hot trappings." He took off his hat as he spoke, and ran his hand through his elaborate *coiffure*, which fell, a very palpable wig, on the stall before him. His own short curls showed so absurdly masculine above his smart silk blouse, that Kitty was wild with anxiety.

"Oh, do go, *do* go!" she besought, pushing him away. "Just suppose anyone should come!"

"I'm off," said the culprit, rising. "Don't cry, darling, for goodness' sake. It will be all right. Now I'm really gone!"

And he suited the action to the word, snatching up his borrowed plumes as he ran, and climbing the boundary fence with an agility rather impeded by his feminine skirts, while Kitty kept guard in an agony. The quondam Duchess had scarcely disappeared into a convenient clump of trees, when voices and rapid footsteps were heard, and two girls dashed into Kitty's secluded corner.

"Oh, isn't she here?" cried one of them.

"Who?" said Kitty, trembling, but defiant.

"The Duchess, of course," said the other girl. "I can't find her anywhere, and I don't believe she has bought a thing yet. I've been trying to sell this abominable object all over the place—" she shook out a gold-embroidered chair-back vindictively—"and everyone says it's absurdly dear. So it is! But the Duchess would buy it, I daresay, if I could only find her."

Another girl ran in, hot, flushed, and cross.

"*Does* anybody know where the Duchess is?" she demanded. "Something or other has put Mr. Seymour-Smith out, and he simply won't do anything for anybody. I don't believe he will be pacified, till he can get hold of her again.

"I know nothing whatever about her," declared the first girl. "I'm looking for her myself. Here's Mr. Parker—perhaps *he* can tell us. Mr. Parker, *have* you seen the Duchess?"

"No; but I've seen Seymour-Smith walking up and down in a remote corner, and swearing himself black in the face," said the new-comer. "What in the world has happened?"

"The Duchess seems to be lost," said one of the girls, beginning to laugh.

"I should have thought that Seymour-Smith would never have let her out of his sight," said the young man, laughing also. "What's this story about his being seen demanding whiskey-pegs at the refreshment stall?"

"What nonsense!" cried the girl with the chair-back.

"Fact, I assure you," said the young man. "Here's Dalton—*he'll* tell you. Dalton, didn't you hear Seymour-Smith asking for a peg?"

"B. and S.," groaned Mr. Dalton, subsiding helplessly on the grass, and dropping a huge satin cushion beside him. "I've been lugging this beastly thing round for the last hour, asking people to take shares in it for a raffle; and they all say that they wouldn't have it at a gift. Won't any Christian soul take pity on me? Would it be any good to ask the Duchess?"

"First catch your Duchess," said a new voice; and Tom Leighton came sauntering placidly in, cool, composed, and irreproachably clothed.

"Why, where *is* the Duchess?" asked the young man with the sofa-cushion.

"That's what everyone wants to know," said the girl with the chair-back. "Don't *you* know, Mr. Leighton?"

"Never set eyes on her in my life," said Tom coolly.

"I certainly heard that she was seen going this way," said Dalton gloomily. "Has she been here at all, Miss Tarrant?"

"She was here, but—but she's been gone some time," said Kitty.

"With Seymour-Smith?" was the general inquiry.

"No, by herself," said Kitty, looking determinedly away from Tom.

"Ah, that explains!" said the first girl, laughing again. "Well, we'd better go and look for her. She can't be very hard to find in a little place like this."

They drifted away, still laughing.

"May I leave this loathsome object here, Miss Tarrant?" inquired the gloomy Dalton, picking up his sofa-cushion by one corner.

"Oh, certainly—if you won't expect me to sell it for you!" said Kitty, smiling.

"Not much chance of that," said Dalton. "But, I say, you might show it to the Duchess, if she comes this way again, won't you?"

"My dear fellow, I'm convinced the Duchess would never dream of buying it," said Tom, bending over to look at it critically. "You might just as well offer it to *me!*"

"Oh, one can never tell!" said Dalton; and, as he too drifted away, Tom subsided into the Duchess' chair and laughed speechlessly.

"Oh, Tom, how *could* you do it?" wailed

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Kitty, relapsing into something very like tears.

"My darling child, the enemy was simply delivered into my hands!" gasped Tom, in the midst of his laughter. "I never hoped to carry it through so well, though. You see, after I got back last night, almost the first person I met was a messenger from the Towers, flying to the post-office with a telegram. As a matter of fact, I ran into him and knocked him over; and then, as I was cycling and he wasn't, and I was bound to pass the post-office, and he was pining to get back, I couldn't well do less than offer to send the telegram for him. Then he let out that Lady Dovedale and the Duchess were both down with influenza, and that this message was to Seymour-Smith, to say that they must give up the bazaar. It came upon me all at once that it would be cruel to let the poor little man be disappointed of his Duchess, if I could help it. So here I am!"

"What *will* he say?" mourned Kitty.

"I don't know or care," said Tom. "He deserved all he's got for treating you in the way he did. Look here, Kitty, own that I did it very well!"

Kitty tried in vain to frown. A vision of Seymour-Smith's triumphal entry came across her, and made her dimple into sudden laughter.

"It was very, very funny!" she owned. "But, oh Tom, it *was* horrid of you! And how did you manage it?"

"The voice was the hardest to keep up," Tom confessed. "As for the rest of it—well, of course the wig was easy enough to get, and I bought the thickest veil procurable for money; and I had no notion, till I tried, what a useful thing powder is! It was lucky for me that Bella was away, for I ransacked her room for clothes. I never before appreciated the blessing of having a sister as tall as myself!"

"How could I have dreamt of your doing such a thing!" Kitty protested, dimpling. And then she suddenly started and turned pale. "Oh, Tom!" she gasped.

Heavy footsteps were advancing upon them. As Tom turned in their direction, Mr. Seymour-Smith came panting through the trees, hot, cross, and disgusted with the world in general.

"Did you happen to notice which way the Duchess went, Miss Tarrant?" he inquired sharply.

"I—I—she went away some little time ago," stammered Kitty.

"I think you might have had the goodness to let me know when she went," said Seymour-Smith acidly. "It is not every day that her Grace condescends to come to us. We ought at least to contrive to show her proper attention."

"Politeness always pays," agreed Tom mildly.

Seymour-Smith turned his back on him, and went on to Kitty, with additional sharpness of tone.

"Really, Miss Tarrant, you don't seem to have been very busy here. When I asked you to take a stall, I hoped that you would make some effort for the good of the cause. I did not expect to find you simply amusing yourself.

"You might at least have taken the trouble to notice which way her Grace went," continued Seymour-Smith to Kitty, with increasing sharpness.

Tom, who had hitherto felt rather sorry for the little man for the snubbing he had got, now sank gracefully into the Duchess' chair.

"I feel a little faint," he observed; and then, closing his eyes, he murmured languidly "I said B. and S.—Brandy and Soda!"

Seymour-Smith started forward, purple of countenance.

"Now, if you don't mind," Tom went on, sitting up with a sweet smile, "you may go away. I don't think I have any further use for you, and I'm a little tired of your conversation."

"What—what do you mean by this impertinence?" roared Seymour-Smith.

"Also, I'm tired of being trotted round and shown off," Tom drawled. Then, reverting rapidly from the ducal falsetto to his natural voice: "You were really very kind to me, Mr. Seymour-Smith. I don't know when you have honoured me with so much attention. Please let me thank you—"

"You don't mean to say—to say—" stammered Seymour-Smith. Then, reading his answer all too clearly in Tom's mocking face, he sprang at him with a scream of rage. "You—you—you—!" he shrieked.

"No swearing before ladies, please," said Tom, holding him off in a firm grip.

"I'll have the law of you!" shouted Seymour-Smith. "You shall pay for this! You shall never be able to show your face here again!"

"*You* never will, if you don't hold your confounded tongue!" said Tom, losing his temper. "Look here, Seymour-Smith! The game's in my hands this time, as you will see for yourself if you take the trouble to think.

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You treated Miss Tarrant uncommonly badly yesterday, and you know it. If you will apologise to her, I'll undertake to hush the matter up; if you don't, I'll have you laughed out of the town."

"You can't hush it up," said Seymour-Smith sullenly.

"Oh, yes I can," said Tom coolly. "We three are the only ones in the secret, so far. The Duchess and Lady Dovedale are both down with influenza. If you will do as I tell you, and undertake to keep a civil tongue in your head for the future, I will see that the local paper says nothing about the opening of the bazaar; the reporter is a friend of mine, and he'll arrange for it to be crowded out, if I ask him to. Now, I'll give you five minutes to decide whether you will apologise to Miss Tarrant, or be a laughing-stock here for the rest of your natural life."

He held his watch in his hand, Seymour-Smith shuffled from foot to foot, and watched him with vindictive misery.

"Time!" said Tom. "Well, which is it to be?"

"I suppose you—you'll keep to your bargain, Mr. Leighton?" said Seymour-Smith sulkily.

"Do you think that I'm as big a cad as yourself, you miserable little hound?" roared Tom. "Haven't I given you my word that no one shall hear about this affair, as long as you behave yourself?"

Seymour-Smith shrank back.

"Oh, I—I'm sure I meant no offence!" he stammered nervously. "I'm very sorry if I have annoyed you—or Miss Tarrant either. I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Tarrant, for anything I may have done. Though really I don't know exactly—"

"Then get out!" said Tom mercilessly.

And Seymour-Smith got out. His head dropped, his pompous little figure seemed shrunken to half its size in the heavy mayoral robes, as he slunk dejectedly back to the outer regions of the bazaar.

"I'll give you five minutes to decide whether you will apologise to Miss Tarrant."

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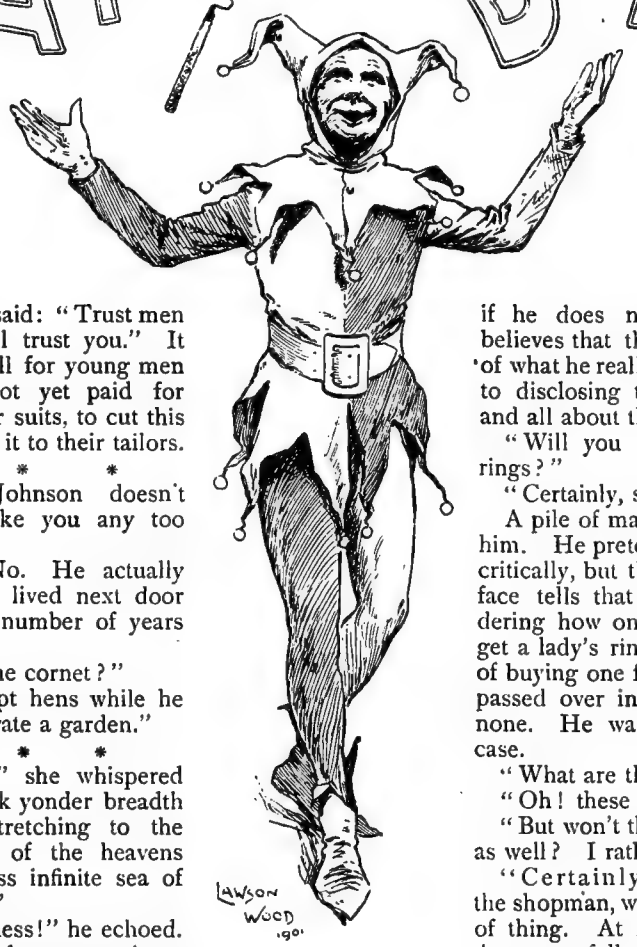
CAP AND BELLS



The Editor will be pleased to consider any original contributions to these pages.

EMERSON said: "Trust men and they will trust you." It might be well for young men who have not yet paid for their summer suits, to cut this out and send it to their tailors.

* * *

TOM: "Johnson doesn't appear to like you any too well."

JACK: "No. He actually hates me. I lived next door to him for a number of years and——"

"Played the cornet?"

"No; kept hens while he tried to cultivate a garden."

* * *

"GEORGE," she whispered softly, "mark yonder breadth of cloud, stretching to the utmost part of the heavens—a boundless infinite sea of nothingness."

"Nothingness!" he echoed. "Why, goodness gracious, Maria, there's a quart of rain in every square foot of that cloud."

* * * * *

MAGISTRATE (to tramp): "Take off your hat in court."

TRAMP: "What's the use of being ceremonious? We have both been here before, many a time."

* * * * *

FOR YOUNG MEN ONLY.

The most amusing thing is to watch a man buying an engagement ring for his sweetheart. He is modest. He feels as if the shopman will suspect that he is engaged if he does not take care. He believes that the faintest suggestion of what he really wants is tantamount to disclosing the name of the girl and all about their devotion.

"Will you let me look at some rings?"

"Certainly, sir."

A pile of male rings is laid before him. He pretends to examine them critically, but the expression on his face tells that he is quietly wondering how on earth he is going to get a lady's ring under the pretence of buying one for a man. They are passed over in review. He selects none. He walks over to another case.

"What are these?"

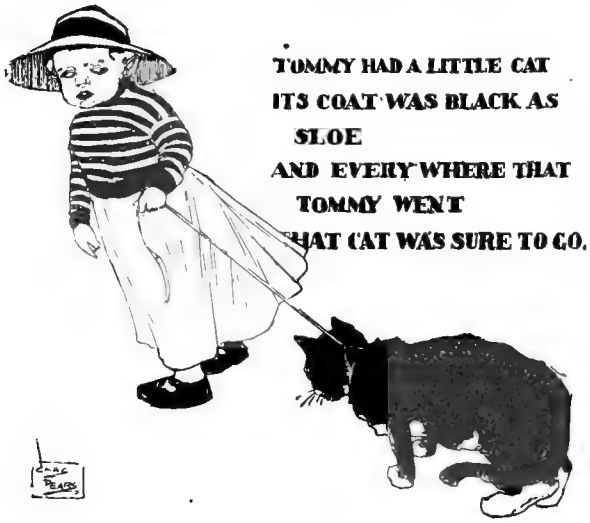
"Oh! these are ladies' rings."

"But won't they do for gentlemen as well? I rather like that pattern."

"Certainly," blandly answers the shopman, who is used to that sort of thing. At length the young fellow tries them on his finger. He never picks one that will go anywhere near the joint of his little finger. The impassive shopman leaves him unobserved in his trying on process. None seem to fit. At last, after a lot of thought and trouble, he selects one, has it wrapped up, pays his money, walks out of the shop, and if anybody were to follow him they'd find him measuring the purchase by a ring that sticks on the nail when he tries to get it on his finger.

He tries to get it on his finger.

Google



If delays are dangerous, the legal profession contains the pluckiest men in the world.

* * * * *

Lightning struck a hall where some of Wagner's music was being rendered, and the leader of the orchestra merely motioned to the man at the big drum to hit it more gently in the next movement.

* * * * *

Wife: "Good-bye, dear, take good care of yourself."

Husband: "Good-bye, and write me a curtain lecture once in a while, otherwise I may not be able to go to sleep."

* * * * *

The Result of Admiring Foreigners.

"My dear," said a society girl to her bosom friend, "I found a grey hair this morning, which I am sure must be the result of an adventure I had the other night at Mrs. Blank's party. If you will promise on your word of honour not to tell—"

"I promise."

"Well, I wanted a chicken croquette, and I asked a young man, whose face was familiar to me to bring me one. He did so promptly, and I began to converse with him. I thought he was rather bashful, and his reply to my first remark was simply: 'Yes, mees.' His accent made me safe in saying:

"'I think I met you the other night at the French Embassy?'

"'No, mees; I do not think so,' he replied. 'But we met on ozzer happy occasions.'

"By this time I was convinced that he was an attaché of one of the foreign embassies. I have a weakness for foreigners, you know; they do flirt so charmingly. So I giggled and said:

"'It is very nice of you to say that they were happy occasions.'

"'Ah, mademoiselle must know it,' he responded, with an air of ecstasy.

"'But you foreigners are so given to compliments that one hesitates to believe anything you say.'

"'Ah, mees,' he said sighing heavily, 'ze ladies of Britain are so varee beautiful.'

"Evidently he was not so bashful as I had imagined. In response to his gallant remark I ventured to inquire in what respect he considered that British women excelled as to loveliness.

"'In effery respect, mees,' he replied; 'particularly in ze beauty of—what you call it—ah, yes, their colours!

"I couldn't help giggling again at that, but I checked myself and corrected him, saying:

"'You must say complexions.'

"I permitted the amiable foreigner to relieve me of my empty plate, a courtesy which he thereupon proceeded to bestow also upon seven or eight other girls in my immediate neighbourhood, extending with the utmost coolness a line of plates all along one arm, from his finger-tips to his chin. Then, waving a napkin at me with his other hand, he said, as he turned away:

"'Is there anything else I can get you, mees?'

"Is there anything else I can get you, mees?"

"Within the last thirty seconds the situation had suddenly dawned upon me. I had been conversing with a waiter!"

Google

He tried to sing—the little thing
Continued still to roar;

He ceased to sing—the little thing
It only howled the more.

To dance, to dance, his only chance
To appease the fractious boy,

And now the dancer yells with pain,
The baby yells with joy!

Google

"SHOULD I be justified in writing to a man who has never written to me?"

"Only on a very important business, dear."

"Well, this is an important business. I want to marry him."

* * * * *

LORD NODDLES: "Aw, I say, Captain, what is that land we see ovah there?"

CAPTAIN: "That is Australia, my lord."

LORD NODDLES: "Ye don't say so. I thought Australia was larger country than that."

* * * * *

A LIEUTENANT fired at a rabbit, but missed it, and narrowly missed the major of the regiment, who was in front of him.

"I say, lieutenant," exclaimed the major, "are you shooting at rabbits, or for promotion?"

* * *

AN EMINENT CANNIBAL TELLS WHAT IT TASTES LIKE.

A correspondent in the United States from whom we receive occasional contributions forwards us the following:

At a coloured Methodist conference, in Washington, recently, a real cannibal made a speech.

"Allow me to introduce to the brethren Professor Solodor, a distinguished and highly educated cannibal," said a preacher to the presiding bishop.

The distinguished cannibal was a thin little man, copper-coloured, with an eager eye and a hungry look. He wore a little black skull cap, and a long black clerical coat, long scarlet stockings and canvas shoes.

"I'm a native of the Fiji Islands, gentlemen," said the distinguished stranger, "and I've eaten human flesh many a time," and the speaker smacked his lips. "Yes," continued he, "I was born a cannibal and

"I've eaten human flesh many a time."

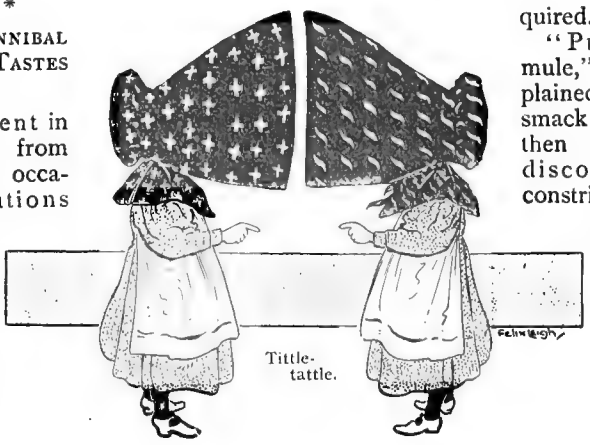
was accustomed to eat missionary. In my early days I lived principally on roast missionary and boiled rice, but I have been a missionary myself these thirty-five years."

Then the anxiety of the brethren relaxed, and they breathed and looked about them quite freely.

"What does human flesh taste like?" the bishop inquired.

"Pretty much like mule," the stranger explained, with a loud smack of the lips, and then he went on to discourse upon boa-constrictor and monkey.

"You can hardly tell the difference," said he, "between young monkey and squirrel, and boa-constrictor is very much like missionary."



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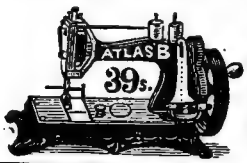

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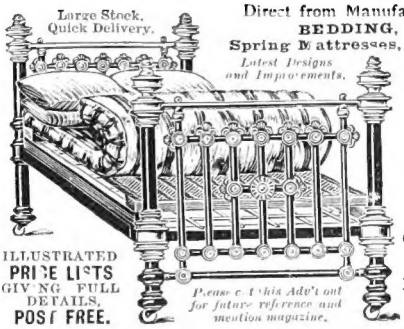

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